

Just Search for the Spirit

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Dmitri Ecoskoy envisioned a sleek dihedral red-trimmed trimaran sailing vessel reaching beneath dawn's popcycle orange lump sailing past a thousand dark green islands. Rippling blue water passed fast below three hulls giving way to three lines of white frothy wake trailing over the inland sea. Wandering outside the primary stonewall defense perimeter of the Neolithic fortress Dmitri looked for more rocks to place into lines of obstacles for the Celtic infantry that would return over Galway Bay plundering voraciously for their tax diety unless stopped.

Wulfhere Distopia spoke through a non-imagable electro-plas implant from Juneau Alaska to Dmitri. The sudden disruption at Innis More from the west jolted Dmitri out of a daydream. With a penetrating high-tone in his right ear heralding incoming data as a stream of pictures phenomenalizing in his mynd he had no choice but to relinquish his uninterrupted minutes of peace. Wulfhere said:

"Ecoskoy this is Wulfhere; reconstruction of Eire section woodhenges and stonehenges is taking too much time. Defense budget analysis for state of the art military obsolescence requires total completion of fourteen Neolithic battle sites before October. You must hurry up the schedule to get done before winter solstice."

Ecoskoy hadn't to do anything but talk aloud to be heard by Wulfhere several thousand miles and a hemisphere away. Earthsatellite communications and implants made being out of comm-link impossible.

"You know Wulf that my work is going on at the usual rate and a speed-up cannot be done if it's to have the same authenticity value. There are hundreds of thousands of small rectangular gray stones in each primary wall. The outer ring obstacle stones are sharp, placed at an angle in the rocky soil and as likely to trip up workers after they become dense as they will opposition forces in the future."

"I'd like you to think of the Protagoras again Dmitri. The reason the Senate wants the fortresses finished is that political wisdom cannot be taught...or so was the point Socrates made against Protagoras.

The Senate still believes that regional Euro-battles and Afro-battles will break out. The general wisdom, non-wisdom or lack of savvy in politics our politicians believe in means they want more personal tax appropriations, spending and development to advance their interests; and that means our interests I remind you, in getting these obsoforts reconstructed. The natives and illegal immigrants have such contempt for intelligence that the Senate is betting that micro-victors in the Euro-conflict will meta-stabilize at a late stone-age level of aggression. The near-east scenario appears the same.

The Senate wants you to finish the Aran Islands group and head over to Iraq to reconstruct Ur of the Chaldees circa 3000 B.C. for a meta-stabilization of Mesopotamia." Wulfhere's transmission drifted off into silence. Dmitri's ears were still ringing.

Rain in translucent veils began waving across the treeless green and gray landscape from uniformly dark nimbus clouds overhead. Dmitri thought, "I can't condense this job to oblivion. If it isn't done, if every stone isn't replaced in the wall and in the dense lines in the right place it just won't exist. The wind blowing from the sea will occupy this place alone except for tourists visiting like ghosts from the set of Shakespeare's *Tempest*."

Dmitri enjoyed building and advanced the task. He hadn't given to much thought to the temporal geo-political consequences of his work, since it was only one set from among myriad possible futures that could happen. If political wisdom could not be taught, because it would pre-determine political futures made by design and politics simply could not freely occur, what difference did it make anyway if he played a small role in the construction of best choice of worst-case scenarios to shape political events? Dmitri kicked a stone on the ground ala Dr. Johnson and said aloud to remove his doubt "I confute it thusly". He took his mynd off the subject of political wisdom and resumed his work.

Sophia Lund reached to place her long, black hair behind her right ear and out of her fine-featured, beautiful face. She was a leader of the pre-Celtic Irish tribes living now at the Marlborough plain near the future city of Salisbury, a few dozen miles west of the future site of Caesar's camp at Londinium England. Sophia left the stone-planning table in the chamber of the earth mound and stone support structured building that would be known millennia later as Stonehenge. She moved her graceful and full-bodied short figure through post and lintel stone portals weighing tons along an astro-ramp and past a team of enslaved work mastodons out into the morning sunshine breaking through the clouds.

The work at Stonehenge had put Sophia between a rock and a hard place. Her tribe's time tensor from Crete and Malta through a variety of social and eco environments of 6th millennia B.C. Europe eventually to the land of the Ingles in the 4th millennium B.C. brought with it a legacy of liberal engineering that made it difficult for her to find much opportunity to work outside of her inherited role as a nurturer of the little beastly charges she bore for the big dude. She was of a family of field structure innovators expected to emplace webs of social infrastructure in advance of society sufficient to assure the non-annihilation of the race. The string of Earth mounds from Malta to Eire had thus far been a success. The electro-plas implant with bio-stealth technology brought Sophia's only contacts with Wulfhere thousands of years away. Wulfhere sometimes arranged time links to Ecoskoy to alleviate the temporal isolation of her life midst the ancient people.

"Wulfhere, are you there?" Sophia queried.

"Yes Sophia, how does the project?" Wulfhere responded.

"Good my Wulf. It's a nice fall day here in case you're thinking about the weather. Would you comm-link Dmitri for me? I have questions about the temporal structure derived from the Clarke monolith interpolation theorem."

"Albright Sophia, we hope you can complete your work on schedule and will download a real warp-time comm.-link. Clear" Wulfhere faded away.

Dmitri and Sophia would talk to each other directly across a distance of a few hundred miles and five thousand plus years. The mynd to mynd direct implant comm.-link used for much time brought a subtle familiarity and brevity between people such that the external world was substantially eclipsed from the attention of the users during the time of communication. They would simply feel an abstract intellectual union of being together.

“Dmitri? Yes, Sophia. The external world is an appearance to mynd. It has its own external reality yet it does appear to mynd. And people co-evolved with the external world. It is really undivided being except as the mynd regards and names it. People perceive existence and make words and phrases up to describe portions of it...especially parts with unusually motion, heat, sound, form and other sensory qualities. Since they can't describe everything all at once the propositions people make about the external world necessarily are fragments and incomplete. The thoughts that people have about the external world Dmitri tend to follow along the linear and fragment prepositional structure commenting about temporal motions or changes in the disposition of material objects. Dmitri, the external world could be said to be like a deep-green old growth forest in which one stands alone. No names or propositions exist for anything except as the person-in-the-woods makes them up. The mynd exists yet it exists in a body that evolved like the forest in an undescribed material idea. If being were plasma or particles, relationships of matter to other matter in motion or something that just is or was without sentient life forms in it would it be said to exist? Who could say that it existed and is the reality of conscious, logical words expressed in propositions simply as one might infer from the *Tractatus-Logico-Philosophicus* of the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein, a phenomenal existential façade over pure being itself?”

Sophia had related to Dmitri much of the thought about which she hoped to clarify the ethicality of the political wisdom project. Wisdom per se seemed to be centered upon understanding not only what is good, but on what is the supreme good for being-in-itself, being-for-itself, a human being as a finite relative phenomenon to oneself and God.

The question of the ethicality of political wisdom structuring developed in the social environment wherein to do nothing often meant default to a worst-case scenario for entire populations. To do anything meant not only risk for the agents as targets of blame by a multitude of others for even trying to do anything, but responsibility for putting spin onto a political tensor that eventualized into a bad scene.

The meta-ethical structure of God upon man also was a possibility: disjunctive/conditional--- if Jesus had carried all of the weight of human original sin and God asked of people only that they accept Him as their Savior and substitute for atonement, then what remained for people to attempt as non-optimal scenarios continue in the world?

Islam, anarchism, nihilism, fascism and a plethora of religious and political centers whirled about and collide with friction in the vortices of the Earth's time and being. Matter is pre-determined in the physics of space-time including the location of the

body. To what extent is the mynd subject to that? Does the spiritual rebirth of Christian salvation liberate one from the pre-determined causality of physical destiny?

"Its raining today Sophia" Dmitri said. "I'm glad to hear from you. You've obviously had some time to think. Since we were beached together in that

inflatable with barnacle holes and no glue in Faragut Bay Alaska for five days with marshmallows, clams, coffee and seaweed and began talking together of the philosophic implications of the Project I've not only wanted to spend more time together, but to answer some of the questions of existence that reflect upon what we do. You've had what, two sons to the Wrath of your tribe in that time dilated year. Jiminy, ya cannae bring them back to the now for sundry reasons. Did ya ken what the Bible reads about adultery? Yeh can say your boss made you do it perhaps. I don't imagine you've got any open lasses in six millennia agone.

Dmitri continued..."The Hindu concept of Maya or the illusory reality of the external world that appears to the senses is not so different from the Buddhist concept of the external world as an imperfect arena of sense experience through which a self-consciousness evolves until it perfects itself through non-desire or non-attachment to the external world as is finally liberated from it. The basic concept that the world is pen-ultimate, although of varying degrees of importance to various faiths, is even continued very obviously in Christianity. The study of end times known as eschatology in Christian theology is supported by the statements of Jesus that His kingdom is not of this world. To store up one's riches in heaven, etc. In fact Sophia, Wittgenstein in developing his theory of knowledge as a derivative of the study of logic arrived at a metaphysical duality of a non-Cartesian mynd/matter type that was quite like Buddhist duality; ratiocination or the linear temporal process of a succession of thoughts structured with order building on themselves, arrayed and developed in linguistic propositions or predicates is fundamental; evolutionary through the effort of will and intelligence, yet is a superficial façade or imposition made by conscious mankind within a senseless and unremarked (variable)Verse of however many mansions. The stream of consciousness of mankind is itself illusory in relationship to the VaryVerse in which it occurs. Matter exists so far as a description of anything can be said to have meaning, and because it exists it is determined in a physical order. Determined being cannot think or have free will because to think would be to make it reflective upon what is and perhaps then become capable of changing the order of being of which it is a part. Sophia, the Heisenberg uncertainty principle is probably a reflection of the deeper non-determinability of anything which could either change, be a subject of reflection to consciousness, and yet must appear of existence to consciousness mynd.

Where this reflective thought upon the mynd and matter will take us into solving our concerns about ethical peacemaking amongst our fellow conscious beings is very uncertain to me. I've got my ands full of stones most of the days recently since Wulfhere's orders from the Senate to conclude here muy rapido cannot be ignored much as I might like to.

As in theory of knowledge these theories of political wisdom develop only as we make, or read or otherwise learn propositions that occur to us as phenomena. As company philosophers we choose to consider consciously aspects of existence that essentially exist for us because we focus on them. Jean-Paul Sartre developed a theory of signs and structures which called artifacts of human intelligence such as signs and books, buildings and bakeries *ossified existence*, yet the issue of the existence of matter apart from mynd is not settled by or different from the questions of logic and rationality posed by Wittgenstein and some of the world's major religious theologies. Other people and their works exist for an individual-or non-dividable sentience in much the same way as oneself and the VariableVerse. It is one's existent consciousness that apprehends and considers seriously anything at all only so far as one does. Any sense data becomes consciousness-able only as it is. The additional question of what sense data is like unperceived or in-itself only is meaningful to a sentence as the question is raised reflectively and thus is a consideration existing as a phenomena only for a conscious being. And of course Sophia what a consciousness is aware of is the extent of the consciousness. A consciousness perceiving an aspect of being could not give it some thing it does not have; e.g. identity and appearance for-itself. Being's appearance for-itself without a subjective consciousness sensing it just isn't a reality. Of course the question of the appearance of being to God is another thing. In Christian theology at least, no one may look upon the face of God and live."

"If we are to understand what our involvement in trying to put peaceful intention into human development is it will be necessary some day to bridge the space between theory of knowledge and practical work" said Dmitri.

Celtic forces were gathering twenty miles away in Galway. They loaded spears, slings, clubs and missiles. Tall red-haired warriors with bulging-bridge noses extruding through blood-beards were determined to take the last remaining Eirish strongholds in the islands of the Bay.

After a special nimwitted psychiatrict neesearcher for naval psyops succeeded in unraveling the brain synapse, electro-molecular structure and code in sufficient detail for general research modeling and modification in experimental science the capital of the United States of America soon ceased to exist.

The causal relationship may be somewhat hazy at first glance, like the results beyond the event-horizon of a Heisenberg Storm encircling a hostile world.

It was a simple transition no more complex than a rock falling in a gravitational field to a dominant object at the center. A new rebel scientist of the Daughters of the Confederate Sedition found a way to block reception of neurotransmitters with a subtle artificial sweetener protected by weight of the U.S. Patent Office. A recently patented gene modification added to a longevity enhancement product served as an amplifier-receptor. Consciousness of the vast majority of the people of the United States and the Totality of Nations was deactivated with the planetary broadcast of a popular song containing the activating neuro-sound relay strum and drum rhythm. It had been a gradual, irreversible and undetected accretion suddenly transitioned to

the fruition of deactive mynds. The capital of the Remaining States of the Confederacy was established in Libby Montana. The Remaining States Senate was the sole legislative body...an odd unicameral elected government. The Commander of Wrath was also the Supreme Cork.

The Confederate States scenario fizzled because southerners used more artificial sweetener than westerners it turned out. The westerners tended to prefer libertarianism and armed, individualistic anarchy to tyranny. The Nuclear Triad Chair was presently General Marshall of the Special Forces Corps that replaced the Marines.

Chairman Marshall's permanent H.Q. was at the Startruck Aerospace Center, Seattle. Gen. Marshall was concerned with Wulfhere's Euro field operatives deploying the Neolithic project. He hoped to divert the artificial sweetener/brain transmitter historical realization by strengthening the Celtic Christian Church of the second through seventh centuries and eventually establishing St. Brennan's early American explorations of Iceland and the Americas to such an extent that early mass conversions of American Aborigines would preserve their numbers through the later Euro arrivals, and through strength in Caribbean civilization synthesis avoid the Communist Government of Fidel Castro and the odd economic role of sugar cane in the Soviet-Euro-American conflict that generated a plethora of extreme, covert war weapons research including early works on artificial sugar and the blood-brain barrier.

Alter-historians believed a delay in Celtic conquest of Eireland and Inghland circa 1500 B.C. would strengthen the Celtic Church of the dark ages of the people west of the Europus by increasing the role and number of the brilliant but short and weaker indigenous Eirish people of the time whom had journeyed from Malta through the millennia to Eireland and eventually over the Atlantic, Canada to Wrangell Alaska along the 55th parallel using primitive backstuffs for navigation and onward to Hokkaido, where they later were known in a blended form as the Einu, or Ainu people. They'd sailed, rowed, drifted, portaged and hiked with lightweight skin boats called curraughs. Alter-historians speculated that as they were the best early fort builders of northwest of the Europus they would and could rival the Aztecs for North American hegemony in sufficient numbers.

General Marshall in executing the Senate's order of militensor calculus designed a battle plan at the same Euro field-sites occurring over a six thousand year time span. If the first op worked then the second and third might never happen.

Marshall's plan was to enhance the Neolithic redoubts sufficiently to let the ancient little people of Malta/Eirland survive in their hardened Stonehenges and Newgranges long enough to ethically alter the existing course of European history... Thus the interpolation of Sophia as a designer into 4th millennium B.C. England. As the prime wench of the tribal Wrath she would easily insinuate control over the deficient tribal engineering of the oral tradition. Her work would increase the stature of the structures. Wulfhere would be present himself at the historical battle of the Black Fortress at Innis More in the 16th century B.C. to serve as a shaman/military

advisor of the Abalone Clan in case history was not changed, and Dmitri Ecoskoy would serve to reconstruct the present day ruins of the Black Fortress in post-artificial sweetener holocaust Europa to prevent the takeover by Celtic Glo-Punk Nihilist Trog warriors of the last remaining piece of Free Ireland in accord with the rules of war made at the Peace Conference in Sugartown Jamaica.

Seal took his skiff into the north wind and rowed through the waves rolling in from Vancouver down the sound past Edmonds and onto shimmering lustrous blue water between Eagle Harbor and Elliot Bay. In the deepening azure blue light of settling dusky night the jagged Cascade Mountains dividing Washington State from north to south were a sculpture catching infinite colors of the setting sun beyond the Olympic Peninsula, Pacific Ocean and the stratosphere. Seal thought of the pure white marble statues of Phideas brought to lifelike reality with the rich colors of the Athenian painters. He thought of the glass enclosed wreckage of the 50 story SeaFirst Building appearing like the monolith in Kubrick's film of Clarke's 2001: a space odyssey in the Seattle landscape in 1970 and the growth of the city's office towers the next fifty years before his genetic extension. A Vietnam War drew to a halt amidst Rolling Stones, peace marches, and draft boards, televised casualty box scores and old Seattle slowly faded away.

Now, in the era after the sweetener brain drain to oblivion and rave nihilism the Seafirst building and Smith Tower memorial were all of the memory that remained in New Seattle. The Startruck Building above and below ground level ecostructure impervious to sub-tech battle that sprawled over former King, Pierce and Washington counties, had thousands of color changing, shape changing exterior surface angles to flow and shelter teeming plant and animal life interfacing with permutating geological veryfeatures and prag-matic illusions. The building changed context with the seasons and reflected starry nights within its million mirrored parabolic surfaces. The transit of the moon and planets was altered into harmonious windsound echoings amongst its environs and coaxing reactive members to reshape themselves to optimize waveform phenomena.

The Seafirst Monolith was a reproving shadow without the Startruck actualization and a sobering reminder to Seal of the meaning of human temporality. He would cast his gill nets in the Sound for the plentiful Chinook phase two salmon running to the Green River at Duwamish Island glowing in the dark.

With the disappearance of the lunar eclipse and disappearance of an arc of points of starlight in the velvet purple black of night Seal left his nets and searcher floats on autostar salmon depth set outside the lapstrake skiff, raised jib and mainsail in rising wind and close hauled to the north wind following a few degrees to port of Polaris dead reckoning with cliffs, silhouettes, shoreline heights, glimmering lights, alpin glow on Cascade and Olympic Mountains and the promise of Aurora borealis' gossamer electric green veils shimmering over the horizon. Seal was going to Canada.

The old ones of Eire fought battle after bloody battle with the Celt invaders for hundreds of years. The Celts left Spain and intercepted the course of Eire millennia after they had completed the last of the major henges of Europa. On winter solstice day 1504 B.C. an Eirish scholar deep within the heart of the mound at Newgrange near 54 degrees north latitude waited for the morning sun to reach all of the way to the alter through the low entry door down the short hall. Twenty kneeling tribesmen and wenches heads lowered and palms outstretched, waited for a signal from the fur-clad, analytic, philosophical shaman. As the sun reached the skin-text with encrypted symbols the scholar in a rough rumbling voice began chanting aloud in a lost language resembling Basque instructions for an epic trek of exploration.

The twenty were to journey across Ireland, the ocean and unknown reaches to a New Eire along the 55th parallel north latitude. The scholar emerged and stood in front of the leader. He placed an ancient backstaff and day-belt down at his feet, tossed the parchment into the fire and chanted a Marlian hymn to Jesus as the light of the sun abruptly disappeared behind a thunderhead.

Remnant States of America magnetic field tensors were in continuous temporal phenomenalization about the planet Earth and on every materiality of substance in the solar system. Early experiments focusing solar power in space utilizing a shaped laser beam came dangerously close to becoming weapons to slice up planetary sized objects as well as tools for warming outer planets.

Follow-up studies converted concentrated sun/laser streams into rivers of electrons converted into transient tensor production of monopolar magnetic field-lines of lengths reaching millions of miles into which oppositely charged space transport modules were inserted for acceleration nearly to light speed. Wulfhere's prior tour of duty was two months away from Alaska at distant Pluto outpost where he made order out of the commercial chaos so far as possible in the criterion of legal and outlaw mining ventures fighting for pay dirt in the wake of the artificial sweetener realignment of Earth's political status.

Wulfhere returned from Pluto to Eureka Station at Fort Humboldt in California. Before the first American Civil War Ulysses S. Grant had served a tour there. Wulfhere hoped he too would do well in the new assignment.

Within his first three months at Juneau regionops Wulf brought General Marshall's Neolithic design to a status more than fifty percent complete. He enjoyed his duty station in the northern coastal port city that had once been a state capital in the U.S.A. Wulf's wife in the remnant territorial capital of Ecoland built over the ruins of old Victoria promised to finish the year here once her work in the territorial legislature was over in the spring. For now he had to content himself with weekend journeys. Wulf picked Dmitri and Sophia from a Special Force Ops reserve roster of eligibles with remnant states citizenship. Disher-District Intelligence Special Eligibility Review Personnel tossed up a hundred names at his request. With some confidence in the qualifications of the pair Wulf proceeded to create contingency evaluation for his own impending interpolation to the battle of the Black Fortress, 1504 B.C.

Wulf exited the commander's office with a word to his XO on the way out of the Special Force Black Op Alaska ForceComBeginning in the eleven-story Franklin Building along and over Gold Creek. Gold Creek ran downhill from Perseverance Basin located between the mid-size hills of Mt. Juneau and Mt. Roberts through which the historic A.J. Mine's tunnels drifted for miles and miles. Gold Creek and its few Dolly Varden salmonid arrived at Gastineau Channel and saltwater after a brief course under Decco-Brief Habitats built over its frigid water supplied from underground and snow/glacier ice runoff. In the warmth of spring and summer rays the vast Juneau ice field above the city sweat and slid.

He left the hydro-powered glide shaft of SF-BOP and walked through a tiled wall of a McYork's fast food restaurant and stealth-illusion motif into a lunch crowd hurriedly munching abalone tacos, salmon burgers and yam fries, cloudberry shakes, Devil's Club and Crowberry Tea, Dandelion Coffee, Moose Dogs, and Caribou-cinnamon-cream cheese steaklets. SF-BOP office space simply did not seem to exist amidst maze-like anisotropic architectural designs popular for security reasons since the advent of grid coordinate delivery packaged bombings with remote sensing and cell phone detonation methods for political and corporate terrorism in the late 1990's. Survivors were not clear.

Even with non-logical interior building construction and the demise of urban address and civic construction according to orderly plans SF-BOP took extra measures necessary to conceal its physical locations.

The McYork's crowd was mostly made up of miners and government workers. Some of the miners finished their shift at noon and returned through an A.J. tunnel system that extended beyond the old American/Canadian border under the ice field and coastal mountain range nearly all the way to the derelict Deese cutoff of the Alaska Highway. Wulf left the double swinging wood half-doors of McYorks and stepped out onto Willoughby Avenue.

Wulf's piercing blue eyes took in the people on the street in a second; hundreds of Alaskans and travelers wandered during lunch hour window shopping, chatting up friends and acquaintances, purchasing in dozens of shops and transacting business as usual. As usual many of the people wore ultra-light body armor with stealth features and sidearms. Wulf never saw or heard the shooter that launched a silenced burst of fifty caliber cartridgeless hollow point bullets from an electric machine pistol that grazed his head as he weaved his way through the crowd. The bullets slammed into the chest body armor of a tall miner blasting him off his feet and back through the plate glass display window of an Hour Fashions shop.

The urban freeze unlimited coordinate surveiller of the city would record and place with its total wavelength sensors location and description of everyone in Juneau. SF-BOP would track down the hunter if he didn't retreat quickly enough to an OPFOR political sector. Sensor masking technology at personal level advanced enough to shield the city totality system with false imaging for a limited time, but nearly infinite computing power allowed inferential resolution of hazy coordinates to enfildade masked fighters. Wulf grabbed a gentskii and accelerated his pace along

Willoughby Avenue on Thane Road and the Cawdor Landing staging area to the south.

A record of the first battle of the Aleutians is lost somewhere back in pre-history. Possibly it was between Dorset and pre-Dorset Eskimo, or between rival Tenadic nomads crossing through the region known as Berengia over the Bering Sea land bridge when the sea level was lower and Sibir (the sleeping land) and Alaska (the great land) were one. The Aleutians are at the edge of a huge, flat undersea plain named for the Danish explorer Vitus Bering. Most of the plain is less than two hundred meters deep. The Aleutian Islands form the southern boundary beyond which is the great Aleutian Trench and the abyssal plain of the Pacific Ocean.

Early Russian fur traders and explorers known as the promelshleniki fought a one sided battle with Aleut natives. A Russian lined up twelve Aleuts in a row to see how many he could kill with one shot from a rifle. History relates that they did all perish.

Two and a quarter centuries after the Russians, the Japanese Army and Navy under the command of General Tojo and Admiral Yamamoto dispatched several thousand personnel to occupy the islands of Attu and Kiska. The Alaska war to regain the Aleutians from the Japanese in the 1940's was as much or more vicious than the campaigns of the Second World War in the southern Pacific. The battle of Attu created the second highest number of American casualties as a percent of the forces involved in the Pacific Theatre of war. The final surface naval engagement of history between two battle groups occurred off the Aleutians between the Japanese and Americans (under Bull Halsey) with neither fleet visually sighting the other nor inflicting substantial damage from powerful, over-the-horizon naval artillery.

After the artificial sweetener had irreversibly turned off the mynds of most of the world's population the Aleutians had become again a conduit for shortest course invasions and logistics supply lines frontier for Eastern Warriors generating assaults upon North America. Wulfhere balanced the gyroscopic equipped gentskii upward closer to a right angle of the grassy street as he speed along above buried magnetic power-guide cables in Thane Road.

McBeth, previously the Thane of Cawdor, was told that his time as King would end when the forest moved. Wulf mused as he neared Point Bishop on Taku Bay, that the end of the Prior States of America began as the final clear cutting of the old growth trees of the Tongass Forest moved a most westerly Pacific forest of North America onto ships bound for Asia. As Wulf slowed down to adjust the power plant from DC to Cold Fusion (CF) and water mode before leaving land and moving over the Bay and the inside passage to Seattle he checked his sensor program to become alert to adverse force potential aft and in the eco-tensor forward. The Prometheus induction algorithm or forethought signaled the presence of Opposition forces beneath the surface of the waters of Stephen's Passage south of Pt. Arden and Doty Cove fifteen miles south of Point Bishop.

Epimetheus, or afterthought, was the a posteriori empirical algorithm which surveilled the flank and rear fields of Wulf's transit tensor. Like Prometheus and all of Wulf's personal SF-BOP software Epimetheus was downloaded into logic units of all

ambient servo-units like gentskiis from wireless total encrypt-comm focused on the individual physiology of Wulf's molecular structure continually upgraded.

Wulf increased the field strength of his magnetic missile deflector. The gentskii launched out over the waves driven by the Taku wind and change of the neap tide. Epimetheus said woodland Ninja Spetzsnatz were fast approaching along Taku Inlet to the east and the trail of tracer bullets directed by fast attack logic paint following his course with searching fire was confirmation.

The warriors probably broke through the Yukon Territory from the Aleutian and Chugach/Kluane overland infiltration trails to await a shot at the SF-BOP regional field commander. General Sin-Woo in Saigon/Ho-Vic City-renamed after artificial sweetener culled the ruling Red Star Politburo of Ho Chi Minhville and Delta O'Learyburg-was the leader of the S.E. Asian radical militbop strike chord condottieri organizing surviving guerrilla unit operatives into a Pacific Basin terror cartel with the eventual aim of pushing into power and control the shores of the Pacific from San Diego to Seattle and Siberia to Singapore. General Sin-Woo inculcated a bushido-speztnatz warrior code of Nirvanic Nihilism into his acolytes. The apprenticeship of a warrior followed an atheist-union seven month plan at half wage beginning in a dojo and the muddy fields of the Mekong Delta and advancing through high-altitude low-opening ultra-light dope drops to practice infiltration, exfiltration and subversion for full conquest modality. Sin-Woo had his own back to watch from seditious junior officers and the troika of rival triad, quadratic, monadic and ad hoc regional milit rivals. Each aspirant to S.E. Asian hegemony faced a lethal immanence of Sin-Woo and his intellcorp in addition to pervasive dangers of the civil rights anomie in Vietnam, Indonesia and Southern Chin.

General Sin's most immovable rival to hegemony over the northwest Pacific for the present was SFBOP Commander Wulfhere and General Marshall as Special Forces Chairman in Seattle. Sin would continue to send team after team of assault NinjaSpetzsnatz warriors to Alaska until his opfor leadership was neutralized. Wulf was aware of Sin's present objectives in Alaska. He could not let it delay his completion of the Neolithic project.

Into an increasing Southwest wind blowing presently at twenty-five knots Wulf rode through five foot and rising white-capped waves toward the Glass Peninsula of Admiralty Island and Five Finger Island with it's magship lighthouse. In the middle of Frederick Sound just north of Cape Fanshaw and Southeast of the end of Admiralty Island's Glass Peninsula, Five Finger Light Station serves as Northwest Hemispheric on and off world energy transport beacon-booster. The Station contained Josephson Junction analogue Cosmic tunneling equipment to permit space-time materialization of virtual particles from one coordinate to another with only some existential absurdity.

Wulf would transport to the Black Fortress in time to allow the Eirish defenders to hold out against the Celts long enough to alter history. He called to Sophia for another progress report on the Stonehenge Project. The three time ventures of the project were largely contingent upon each other for success. Like a stone skipping

three times over a flat water surface, time interpolations of Eirish fortress strengthening would touch down at one millennium and lift off to the next where the work of Sophia, Dmitri and Wulf would continue in a changed historical context from that of the unchanged present history. Alternatively their work might alter history to such an extent that nothing would seem changed at all, yet they or the present could itself be altered from what was or perhaps in some ways the project would no longer exist at all.

In fact changing the criterion of artificial sweetener megadeath to a non-historical context was the point of it all. Virtual tunneling through reality did assure travelers that in time they would return to their own time-they hadn't a choice. They would return just as they were when they left regardless of what happened to them in another time or in the time-space coordinates where they left from.

"Sophia, this is Wulfhere, how close to being ready to pack up are you?"

"Wait a minute Commander" Sophia replied softly.

Sophia left the Wrath of Chieftain Brit and its smoldering fire pit and roasting rabbits and walked down the four steps of the thatched shelter. Chief Brit stood up from a half-log kingly sized chair and followed after her as far as the entry with a flagon of mead.

"Sophem" called Brit, "Where goest thee now?"

She said, "To talk with a Spirit, Chief Brit."

Chief Brit clad in buckskin and fur, turned his back unto Sophia and disappeared into the darkness of his Wrath.

"Wulf the work is essentially done. The final stones for the new circle were installed at thirty percent more than their prior historical weight. The dirt is piled higher and deeper. The sod is so thick that even flaming whaling arrows fired by radiowave mc's wouldn't phase it at all. If you have another detail at some time just try to give me a warning please. I don't want to appear in the midst of a U'th Knighthood States of Kluk without a chance to practice my draw!" Sophia requested though she was enjoying breathing deeply the cool fresh air outside away from the fire of the Wrath.

Commander Wulfhere acknowledged Sophia and signed off with a loud high-pitched tone to her right ear as he passed rapidly a mile offshore from the glass Peninsula opposite Wyndham Bay, Hobart Bay, Port Houghton and at last, Five Finger Light Station. Wulf's biosignal let him pass unhindered through a series of defense wave fields right over the kelp beds and rocky shoreline onto the grass outside the modest and featureless drab building and tower under the command of Captain Jones of Special Force Command. The black complexioned warrior in his late twenties stood six foot five minus the afro-cut and filled out the frame of the heavily armored door as he waited to greet Commander Wulf.

"Good-day Commander" said Jones.

"Good afternoon Captain Jones, how are you?" Wulf asked.

"Fine Sir; the status is green. We are at one-hundred percent op status."

"Is Jonah ready as well Captain?"

“Yes Sir; Jonah is out with the rest of the whales off Port Snetishem” answered Captain Jones as he stepped out of the doorway as Wulfhere closed the final yard, then about-faced to follow Wulf into the Station. The door of Fullerized Wolfram slammed shut after them.

The twenty left the village at Newgrange with light tools and kit traveling in subdued anticipation marching across Eire from east to west. There was an odyssey to follow the sun across the ocean to the unknown. Celtic war parties had conquered most of England and Ireland. The Irish were contemptuously known to the Celts as Fur Bolg, or fur bags easy to club in battle because of the shorter stature they had. The ancient people of Eire were doomed to be defeated and subjugated and thus a heterodox remnant of healthy, wild Irish chose to set out in their skin boats named curraughs from the last redoubts at the most extreme western edge of Europe and Ireland from Innis Moore at Galway Bay. The Celtic Priesthood known as the Druids would soon dominate and order society from Stonehenge to Newgrange until the arrival of the Angles, Saxons, Romans, Vikings and Normans in waves of invasions from across the channel and the Irish Sea, but the Eirish had an older religious faith, and to their God they commended their souls and climbed down the three hundred foot cliff at the back of the Black Fortress to the Atlantic Ocean and launched their curraughs into the hands of fate.

Dmitri stood atop the battlements of the Black Fortress and surveyed his work. For nearly two months the Free Irish had labored with body and donkey carts to assemble enough rough-cut stones to build and rebuild the keep from battles with Celts of the Empire of Unbelief. A fresh continental wind breezed from out of the East and stirred up the Atlantic beyond the open cliff that formed the west defense of the Fortress. The walls stood forty feet in height and was roughly semi-circular in shape. The central aperture to admit people through the thirty-foot thick walls was barely four feet high.

The stones were cut smooth enough to allow not even a handgrip for attackers to climb with should they survive missiles and unpleasant substances hurled from above. The Celts had a distrust of abstract reasoning, as did many survivors of the souring of artificial sweetener. In the absence of ready to use high-tech weapons and tactics banned by the Treaty of Jamaica they did not invent new ones. Their life span had returned to the average of twenty-six which is not uncommon for primitive societies without bioremediation. They sometimes crucified, burned or incised torsos to allow formation of lung water wings for people unfortunately caught with new inventions or weapons innovations.

Dmitri believed this primitive castle or defense post would be sufficient to turn the tide of battle of the Free Irish. At any rate it was the best he could do without technological hardware assistance from SFBOPS in the time allowed. Dmitri walked with his attaché Colleen, chosen from the Free Irish of Ulster first to the north and then to the south sector of the wall. The jagged tangle foot semicircles of potentially

bone-breaking slabs of rock angled outward toward the enemy would slow down any rapid crossing or retreat to the wall from a range safely beyond Free Irish Catapults and slinged spears.

Six hundred warriors at the Black Keep continued work in details and individually beneath low altitude grey overcast drizzling down unto the tree desertified bare landscape of Innis Moore. They made repairs to weapons, walls and made ready missile piles of stones and flaming putrescence to hurl at Celtic sensibilities whence they attack. Dmitri occasionally gave instructions on building procedure which continued to advance in the passing hours, and related to Colleen orally battle methodology and tactics to engage the enemy with that would be delivered to leaders of a hundred-centurions, and to the Taoisech-the Wrath or Chief of the Eire. Dmitri would have coordination in supply and force delivery from the Eirish tribesman sufficient to overcome the numbers of Celts, which surpassed two thousand on these raids. The Eire trained continuously when building duties could be spared in the art of Peace derivative from his notion of Jesus Christ and the Christian revelation of the existence of God in this world circa four B.C. to thirty-one a.d. in the state of Israel.

Dmitri asked SFBOP for a channel to Sophia, and stepped into one of the towers upon the wall to sit down on a boulder, looking out through one of the narrow slits in the stone to survey the landscape beyond. Visibility was about half of a mile through the grey mist closed to the gray stones and patchy green grass of Innis Moore.

Dmitri talked aloud in a low tone of voice and said to Sophia "Sophia, I've almost finished my work here. The SFBOP COM may transfer me back to Alaska Regionops or possibly demobilize me home to the Bay."

Sophia received Dmitri's input following an ear tone activator and responded, "My work here is also essentially complete. Maybe I'll see you at the Red Dog before the weekend."

Dmitri and Sophia spent a few moments together in Juneau's sawdust floored saloon that had survived the artificial sweetener disaster and following year of national chaos to recover a fair perspective on life after stressful field training exercises and distops in extra-present time locations.

"The resolution of conflict is something like the word existence; ist is German and means is, ex is from Latin and means was or in a sense to take something out of where it was and to examine is existence. So existence means reflection upon what is. Ludwig Wittgenstein reflected existence on reason, logic and language as well as perception by the senses in the Tractatus Logico Philosophicus and brought out the point about taking words and ideas, much less things, out of their natural context to examine them as if they were in their natural context is superfluously.

Ex-istence itself faces that very paradox...to reflect upon existence is to become not a part of it. So what one could perhaps reflect upon genuinely is only thought about the reflection of being. Life itself exists as undifferentiated being and human thought exists reflectively within it as if electrons in a stream of electricity evolved to become aware of their being in a flowing, evolving stream of electricity and started to reflect about the meaning of being and thus started ex-isting. Soon they might try to

move themselves around inside and outside the stream of electricity with thought differentiating itself farther and farther from the inanimate and thoughtless being and wave-particle in motion and change about them.

What is the meaning of ex-istence when the nature of being conscious is to be determinative and to make decisions? If thought is essentially to make logical phrases and propositions about the sensations from the empirical world it experiences is thought itself pre-determined to engage determinably with the world of sensations? And if the answer is yes, Sophia, can our concern about our role in determining the actualization of some possible futures of survivors of the artificial sweetener mega-death be real?" Dmitri looked at his watch.

Sophia responded again after putting on deerskin and work footwear fixing some crowberry tea on the log stump table next to her bedding

"Some time ago we talked about our incarnations being subjective at least to the rest of the Universe, and ethically contingent upon what any higher being or author or reality intends or expects of us. The time intervention project to correct factors of history, which led to the population crash, is determined by the Senate and everyone administering the policy decisions so far. The obvious question arises of what extent do we all have any responsibility for using free will determinations of history if our thought determinations are existentially determined by their nature? And another question Dmitri; if upon reflection about determinism, non-determinism and ethical responsibility I arrive at a decision that results in my continuing on the project, and a co-worker thinks not a whit about it and also continues working on the project, at what juncture was my non-determined free will evident?"

Dmitri thought for a moment before answering. The questions perhaps might have been phrased and easier to understand. Sometimes Sophia would utter philosophical ideas that were internally coherent to her yet explicitly abbreviated and not terribly clear for him.

"Sophia, it could be that the problem is essentially based in metaphysics. Trying to find purely logical answers will be made by making and answering our own questions that will result in no real gain. It's like tying together the ends of one rope to make a longer rope."

"Are you sure it isn't like trialectical synthetic judgment formation such as Pierce postulated about thought in his pragmatist descriptions?"

"No I'm not, Sophia. The answers to the determinism question and ethical responsibility might be found in living the examined life like Socrates did, and in a heterodox interaction with that greater spirit than of ordinary physics and sense data revelation; that of God as Jesus Christ. If the nature of reality is determined for conscious beings by the logical observations they put together of it, and if being-as-itself is an essentially non-conscious phenomena apart from interaction as sense data to conscious beings then the metaphysical transcendence of God may be the proverbial light in the darkness of existence and the senses not only ordering ethics and possibility but Being immediately in possession of a metaphysics or larger

physics of the apparent Universe-to-the-senses that underwrites, surrounds and makes possible as-it-is of the Universe that is known to our senses.”

“Dmitri, historical determinism in traditional Christian theology is inclusive of human beings, their consciousness and relationship to sense data along with the free will they have within the context of existence as the historical process of history unfolds. This is to some, one of the major paradoxes of free will and Christianity and yet Calvinism developed essentially upon that basis of understanding that the free will of the individual to accept Jesus-God through the transcendence of His sacrifice that atoned for the original sin condition of humanity; the existential criterion of human beings in a fallen condition-is pre-determined.

God himself may be the only person able to freely act or change the completely deterministic nature of the physical Universe. Even the choice to be saved by belief in Jesus as God may be pre-determined and thus by grace. The individual has the free choice to accept Jesus Christ as personal savior unto eternal life through remission of sins and a return to acceptability to God within the transcendent metaphysic of non-contingent reality in the perfect grace of Jesus Christ.

Jesus as transcendent Savior through the temporal veil of appearance for human consciousness that is the physical Universe is able to deliver people unto eternal life.

The four dimensional world of space-time that flows along with the second law of thermodynamics (how does that apply to time?) or entropy and the important proximal effects of time, death and decay experienced on Earth is a result of the fall of man, with supporting extra-dimensional string effects perhaps. Many questions about what the physical realities cosmology described in Genesis were may be unknown until after the Day of Judgment. They are like the question of what happened to Jesus after the crucifixion during the two days before his resurrection.

He said to one thief that on that day he would be with Him in Paradise. Yet three days later Jesus returned to Earth. Initially he said to one of the women that they should not touch him because he had not yet received a heavenly final form of His body. Then later he told Thomas to feel the wound on his side. What was the nature of the resurrected body of Jesus? The instruction to the women was immediately upon first reappearance...was he not materialized sufficiently on Earth and yet later he was? For Thomas to encounter the spear wound, and yet for Jesus to eat meat is another paradox in the status of His resurrected body.

Some people believe that Jesus went to hell to battle and overcome evil and the power of original sin. Yet hell isn't a physical place in the Universe perhaps, the battle was pre-determined, and the location of hell is of an after-death nature known to God perhaps without the standard space-time dimensions of the Universe at all. In just being crucified Jesus may have decisively defeated the power of original sin for those pre-determined to believe. Then again the day that Jesus referred to in assuring the thief may have referred to an eternal day after resurrection that may exist, instead of the time period until twelve midnight, dark, or whatever time period it was that Jews of Jerusalem then believed was the end of a day.

The time of the three earth days would not be the same as the nature of eternal life after death. Jesus may have gone to heaven, overcome Satan and original sin, and returned to Earth in three days possibly in an instant that is eternity known best to God.

The Fall of Adam and Eve from innocence and grace at the Garden is difficult for many people to understand. God said that they had become as little Gods knowing the difference between good and evil so he would give them the temporal and familiar problems of human beings to punish and eventually move them toward correction and reconciliation with God."

Dmitri enjoyed Sophia's voice, contemplating what she said he replied, "In the decades before the sweetener soured, some philosophers and writers began to consider anew the meaning of the book of Genesis. Since Clarence Darrow had won the Scopes trial and the teaching of evolution was officially allowed in American schools, controversy had flourished between what came to be called Creationism and a more atheistic and adversely oriented cadre of Evolutionists that were people whom opted for a scientific only explanation of the origin of the Universe/Cosmos that came to include not only biological evolution from a four and a half billion year old planet's bacterial accretion into complexity but an eight to twenty billion year old Universe probably itself evolved from a micro-center explosion called The Big Bang and a state of undifferentiated singular physical phenomenality outward into space-time simultaneously created. The familiar four dimensions and forces were postulated to remain in existence after their formation until perhaps a future Big Crunch recalls all mass energy under the influence of gravity to a new and maybe final singularity of infinite compaction. In the interval the Cosmo evolves and changes material shape as the physics determine. Paradoxes of multiverse theory, extra dimensions, pre big-bang theory and the inflaton compound complexity.

Eventually people began to notice that the basic paradigmata of cosmological evolution written in Genesis One had an order that was not contradictory to selected paradigmatic order of the Evolutionist's Big Bang theorem. Not an exact match, yet physical cosmological theories continued to change yet Genesis did not. Human understanding of exactly what the word symbols of Genesis One represent in actual historical manifestation will always have an intrinsic indeterminism too because of the human epistemology criterion and the indeterminacy of translation.

A main difference is that Genesis sketches out the entire history of the Universe in one paragraph. Time parameters relative to God cannot be guaranteed to be absolutely certain quantitatively. Einsteinian relativity in different mass fields may not apply to God whom isn't subject to the paradigm of mass, time and speed determination. Time literals are another opportunity for quantification error time values in comparing the Genesis cosmology and any of the Physical Cosmologies developed since the 20th century. Details are not specified as one would for theoretical time values in quantum cosmology formulae. General Relativity and the Special Theory needed exact math. Wolfgang Pauli needed exact math. People being shepherded by God in the Sinai after the exodus from Egypt perhaps did not

have the same needs for cosmological abstracts or exact math formulaii. One may need some humility in order to understand human history, secular and cosmological knowledge, and the revelations of God to humanity through the Bible.

In the beginning was God, and the Word was with God, and God said to let there be light, and there was light.

Sophia, the mysterious philosophical problems posed by Wittgenstein and Buddhism in prepositional logic and the phenomenality of mind are answered by that simple beginning in Genesis as well as the physicists question about the initial appearance of the singularity. Since at least 1996 physicists have developed pre-Big Bang Theories, M-Dimension Theories, even 2 dimensional holographic space theories that are still in a way apposite to the Genesis account. With virtual recursions beyond possible physical verification to an nth degree of certainty cosmology may forever change simple as succeeding and alternative new theories with better math and utility arise. That God said for light to exist, and it did, will always be a true explanation even when photons and matter theories transform into superstrings, time as a directed physical direction with superstrings attached to it and other fine ideas yield to others.

You must have read about the further critiques of Genesis and evolution paradigmata comparisons that made the bestseller lists on SFBOP net. The point is, that Genesis One and Two aren't linear continuities but are juxtaposed statements in different terms at different times of the beginning of existence in the Universe. One may call them sketches, outlines, analogies for humans from the Divine, reductions of the most complex technical informational that is beyond human knowledge into terms that are very easy for any reasonable individual of the second millennium bc and after to understand, at least until the third millennium, or even fables, pedagogic outlines or metaphors. They are however true paradigmata for the creation of the Universe that perhaps won't be of use for science in fine-tuning math theorems about particle-wave-string physics, yet will let people know what's what.

The traditional creationist movement by American Christian Bible fundamentalist churches read into Genesis elements, dates and events based on contemporary ideas. It's easy to do. Some Bible scholars believed that the redactor or Priestly writers after the Babylon captivity of the Jews may have described Jerusalem of King David's day as Jerusalem was known to them centuries later as a larger city centuries later. It was a very controversial issue though fairly minor as regards the veracity of the Old Testament. When the Dead Sea scrolls were translated and compared to the Jewish Masoretic text it was found that in the millennial separation the text variation was almost nil; a tradition exists of keeping the Bible intact, as it was. Yet the history of the Bible, with the unknowns it has in assembly and authorship before the 6th century and especially the 11th centuries B.C., may be extrapolated to have been conveyed with integrity as Levitical memo's, oral and perhaps written instructions (as the Jews learned to write) right back to Moses and the Sinai sojourn.

The book of Genesis is however different than the rest of the Pentateuch or of the major and minor prophets. Some of the book of Genesis was revealed directly by God to Moses, and could not have been simply oral historical collections of the Patriarchal era or of the Egyptian captivity. That language given to Moses would have had a different character, and the external referents of the words would have all been abstract and unknown. Moses did not witness the beginning of the Universe, though some Jews did directly participate in the events of Leviticus, Chronicles, Kings and Jeremiah.

People may disagree about the occurrence or accuracy of a passage in the Bible about a miracle, yet the time and object parameters aren't generally contentious. The elements involved are at least essentially known. However regarding the Genesis cosmology it is only at the end of the second millennium that humanity even began to develop a science able to conjecture about creation ideas such as the creation of light ex nihilo. Cosmology physics and the special theory of relativity made known some of the very substantial complexities of the physical nature of the Universe. The outline of Genesis became a more reasonable yet transcendent way for people of the ages to consider how God created the Universe even as it developed transitory, excellent yet surpassing physical theories of the Universe's history. God is unchanging though the Universe and theories about it change.

That the creationist movement began with a pre-Darwinian era scientific explanation of the origin of the world wasn't bad for its time. Bishop Usher's conclusion that the world began in 4004 B.C. interpolates into Genesis's paradigm a year that is of course not given in the book of Genesis at all. Civilization begins shortly before 4004 B.C., and if Peter's value of one day equals a thousand years is given to the Usher life-spans the age of life the Earth is about two and a half billion years and about equal to the evolutionist's time speculations of the origin of multicellular life on Earth 2.6 billion years past. Science surpassed the cosmology of western society that was an accoutrement to reading the book of Genesis leaving the scientific worldview of some Christians with an anachronistic version.

Some people made the erroneous assumption that misinterpretations and interpolations into Genesis, people interpreting things they read on the basis of what they already know, are an intrinsic part of the Bible and that the Bible is contradicted by emerging newer science. The 'Fall of the House of Usher' by Edgar Allen Poe was perhaps a fictional metaphor of the era. People became more non-reflective in a sense and accepted a pre-judgment of the simplicity and unshakability of naïve reality in a physically evolving Universe at least until quantum mechanics and the general theory of relativity undermined naïve realism so far that they were once again compelled philosophically to search for a new ground of being, to understand the fundamental nature of existence and to consider what the science of knowledge or epistemology could tell them about the phenomenon of mind itself since it all occurred in a nice little prepositional, logical structure. The book of Genesis like the rest of the Bible does exist as a phenomenality. It is written in sentences and phrases, has propositions and predicates and is subject to or contains the possibility

of interpretation by people of it both in a present context and in an historical context. Logical analysis of the sentences of Genesis can bring out to the logician the word values of what is said. In deductive logic the truth of the premises determines the truth of the conclusion so far as the words themselves go. Yet the validity of premises may need to be confirmed from actual experience or the real world, even if in history. Premises cannot like math terms have near absolute relative truth-values for-themselves. Words in logical propositions are like terms in algebra. Algebraic expressions are true or false in relation to the numbers that are given to the literals/letters and well ordered. Words in logical propositions are true as they are logically ordered and as the real things they refer to are true also. People reading the Bible cannot always provide a real historical content or value/experience to the words, propositions and predicates of the book of Genesis. They must indirectly give meanings and values to the terms because of the remote in time and space origin of the book of Genesis. Genesis chapter one and two refer to events before life on Earth in part. The indeterminacy of translation and generality of description makes it simple to interpolate erroneous meaning into the referents of the propositions.

It may not be possible to understand the meaning of every term in Genesis or to give an accurate historical representation. The very abstract, general and ancient referents may not be translatable into contemporary physics ideas of the origin of being. The difficulty of reading into or out of Genesis ideas that are formed from the contemporary world and interpolated into the material written in the past may go on for quite some time in popular philosophy.

Sophia, I believe that Genesis is a summary of the actual events and historical order of human and cosmological history. God created time and exists, surpasses or transcends all created things. Like Immanuel Kant's description of the inherent limits to human sense perception and interpretation of the Universe in the *Critique of Pure Reason* the Universe itself which God created is a definition and reduction, a temporalization and a presentation by God of an aspect of His potential and actuality. The *Fall of Mankind* in the *Garden* and fall from grace relates an end to the innocent existential oneness of mankind with being-for-itself as they gained consciousness and the knowledge of good and evil with the ability to make moral decisions.

So many parts of Genesis seem to support it as a summary of historical evolution...no longer innocent like animals Adam and Eve were now as little gods and could reason and were fully conscious. Even the tempter compelled to crawl on its belly the rest of its days on Earth seems chosen like a symbol of evolution as if the reptile's age of domination and the tremendous Tyrannosaurs were cast down from walking upright into a future of down-sizing as comparatively small snakes while the age of Man started as left the Garden of Innocent pre-consciousness the former ruler of the Earth was destroyed by Global Cooling perhaps. The difference from that cataclysm to the age of man is nearly 65 million years, or maybe six days if one has a different perspective of the passage of time.

Was time condensed by God...65 million years into 6 days in a sort of fast-forward? Were Adam and Eve and the Garden in another dimension that was

interpolated into and released on Earth yet guarded by four cherubim? It's quite a lot to consider, if one so wills. In brief Sophia, I believe that God evolving the world or creating it has time and historical parameters that cannot be known in technical detail with absolute certainty beyond a limited range of concision, presently."

"Wouldn't it be consistent with your theory, Dmitri, that the entirety of being is pre-determined in line with God's design; even if the referents of Genesis are ineffable?"

"Sophia, the Universe was like a mustard seed that grew from a singularity into a vast 'tree' of structure and life sheltering myriad biosentients and forms of bio-non-sentients; we have free will and consciousness but it occurs within the context of a fallen world-Universe that has space-time perhaps because we perceive space-time with our sense faculties and choose to call it space-time. Our free will and opportunity to accept Jesus Christ as personal Savior is pre-destined because God made and is sustaining the Universe as well as our own being and mass-energy. The problem is in the context in which these things occur. In the context of this Universe we have free will. In the context of the all too apparent metaphysical immanence of a greater reality than this Universe our will is pre-determined. Because God created the Universe it must be determined even if it were to become a life of it's own as a conscious Universe for-itself and able to cogitate and make decisions.

The Bible offers evidence that God wasn't an indifferent, haphazard designer. He started the Universe and did not soon lose interest setting it out upon a chaotic trajectory like an airplane designer launching a new aircraft full of passengers untried, untested from the top of an office building. The end of the Universe is pre-determined as are all parts of it and it is still blessed with free existence because of the metaphysical structure of existence. The Heisenberg Uncertainty principle is not even invoked until one tries to actually measure simultaneously the location and speed of a particle. The similarity of determinism at the quantum level to that of free will decisions at the social level and at the existential level of contingent being before God is obvious. God offers eternal life through faith, again a measure of uncertainty necessary for free will, in Jesus Christ.

Measuring the position of a particle just determines its existence hence no speed, motion or non-sensed status. Observing its speed just describes a relationship in existence of the observer to a wave phenomenon. Our project to alter the history that brought about the artificial sweetener disaster by pursuing a recurrent events identification and alterity is itself existentially deterministic though in the empirical sense of having responsibility to act and make choices as human beings in a social context our works are not determined until we make them so through our determinations and they become part of the mostly inalterable past. Some of mankind trusts only what can be measured; the maths of mankind will forever be unable to encompass the entirety of what exists, or to combine the myriad ways what can be perceived and abstracted for math modeling in an inelectable order of assembly such as would give a totally accurate model of the true structure of what exists absolutely. Aslo the maths model only a part of what is universally and must needs therefore use fiction to enable something unseen for a math to model...that is

all cosmological models will implicitly utilize fiction and corrupt their veracity at some point. While it is good to measure and ponder what can be known, the absolute basis of the Universe can be known through faith in Jesus Christ directly. All the Universe is contingent being after all, subject unto God.

Since our objective is to bring about peace and save lives that ethical hurdle to changing history seems cleared. We can't as Christians justify the means by the ends outside of our own personal faith and reliance on Jesus Christ yet we can work toward goals and look for ethical Christian choices to solve problems though few may be remediable. The question of the conservation through utilitarian choices of the greater number of pagan lives over the fewer within a forced choice/option scenario seems the probable situation to me. It is like the story of the switchman on a railway with two loaded passenger trains headed toward collision at high speed and a bus load of school kids stalled on the extra track. The switchman can choose to let the trains crash or to let one train run over the bus. As a Christian what should he do? His choice will be one of who should die; in effect he must choose to let some die or couldn't he abandon the switch and deny responsibility? Yet that would allow the trains to collide and a choice to abandon the choice made that choice.

We seem to have to choose to use time alterity to avoid the situation. If alterity in the present was enough alterity in the past would not be necessary. Some think God will not present Christians of true faith with scenarios of such a difficult or momentous ethical nature, yet how many people are actually Christians acceptable to God?

Some believe that courageous faith in God will bring about more optimal resolutions. One of the problems about rationalizations of hypothetical situations is that like all logical rational, conscious thought is that they are self-made interpolations onto the practico inert first of the neurons and structures of mind and brain and then on to abstract structures of the social practico-inert as perhaps Jean Paul Sartre might have referred to phenomena about trains, train tracks and people.

So here I am trying to build a present defense at the Black Fortress while you complete an improved defense at Stonehenge six-thousand years ago so the technology will reach Newgrange and the Black Fortress at Innis Moore five thousand years ago so Commander Wulfhere can win enough time at the last battles of the Black fortress against the Celts in 1500 B.C. so I won't need to be here now rebuilding this Black Fortress to withstand the New Celts and their ally General Sin in events after the artificial sweetener mega-death made remaining world civilization half-anarchy and our Free Irish Allies hold the final European turf not under the Axis forces of Sin and Chancellor Badderbug."

Dmitri tightened his swank bearskin coat as the rain increasingly turned to snow and a rising driving wind blew over the barren isle.

In the final days of the pre-sweetened era of Western Civilization the transition to national autogrid electrification had been completed. The Golden Switch was flicked like the final golden spike of the trans-continental railroad, with fanfare.

Though Americans could now levitate on an electro-magnet in their vehicles with auto-guidance systems and travel over all the same highways at two-hundred miles-per-hour the change was essentially too little and too late. The national debt built up during the era after the Arab Oil embargo and oil company financial wizardry during the next decades speeded up social discontent with rising taxes and declining government benefits. The national debt was one of the prime recruiting factors for the New Southern Succession movement culminating in the terror operation of the artificial sweetener brain disconnect. The implementation of the political no-brainer final solution crashed the world.

Five days after the last road in America was wired into the electro-magnetic grid and the need to export U.S. dollars for oil had finally stopped the first waves of hundreds of thousands of Americans and people all over the world began to free-fall into irreversible coma and short-circuited grounding of thought. Exotic and infinitesimal interplay of electro-chemicals within individual brains froze to halt forever leaving just a few and lucky to continue societies in the aftermath.

With the backstaff to measure the angle of the sun above the horizon the twenty rowed west in their four lightweight skin and stick boats laden with fresh-killed meat and fish that would keep for a fortnight. They put up a fresh square skin sheet on a stick with a wood crosspiece atop to better catch favorable winds blowing west. The survivors of Eire were natural hunters and fishers and the mild Atlantic was a virgin frontier of fish, fowl and mammals that made survival rather simple. The short European summer still cold with glaciation brought about by a little ice age faded into the distance as they sojourned upon the oceanic currents into the rising sun over the Americas.

Within thirty days they had passed Iceland and the southern edge of Greenland approached. In another sixty days they would near the shores of Labrador two and a half millennia before Leif Erickson and three thousand years before Martin Frobisher. On a bright morning they made landfall.

Commander Wulf gave a flurry of orders within the larger confines of Five Finger Light Station to forty special force cadre occupying tech-op stations for virtual particle inducers and mag-real-time fields. The Special Forces were only fifty thousand in number but assumed all the roles of the prior Marine Corps remnant and Tech-War Section. The beach landings by large numbers of surviving citizen-marines became impractical with the surfeit of direct-fire magnetic weapons and low population numbers in the twenty first century; especially when air-insertion of forces could skip over the beach and fly inland.

The Special Force Corp branched from Army Rangers and Navy Seals and rapidly deployed with their own transport sections to conflict areas in which they might interdict opposition force threats to homeland security. Isotropic Intelligence Agency field operatives coordinated with land and naval forces/ air power found most

of its twilight operations directives in conflict prevention maintenance, peace conservation and site-specific force applications on and off planet.

Special Forces at the lighthouse wore stealthlar battle dress uniforms that were frag resistant and with the Kevlar/fiber optic/stealth synthetic material able to take on the appearance of the ambient environment or any other pattern micro-programmed into its software. Stealthlar also floated well as a submergent mechanism was in-built to allow its use as an underway dry-diving suit. The Special Forces at Five Finger were an average selection of remaining Americans; the only higher than average number of ethnic warriors represented were those of local Tlingits chosen for logical micro-knowledge of S.E. Alaska.

The Station was orderly and packed with advanced range rifles, handi-mort cluster bombs, tubes and base plates with rocket propelled grenades in crates next to artificial intelligence guided air, land and sea anti-personnel hovercraft mines. The mines float in the wind or sea-above or below waiting for opfor personnel or even aircraft to get within range. The mines would seek and destroy opfor if no action was near with solar rechargeable ultraweight engines. They could make their own hot air for inflation of stealth shrouding air cover bags to remain on station indefinitely. SFBOP from The Station stored a full range of on and off planet imaging, surveillance, Prometheus, Epimetheus and inference equipment to monitor friendly and opposition force. The Station had short, intermediate and long-range rapidly deployable weapons for a complete ensemble of anti-opfor delivery vectors. Five Finger Station was necessarily a frontier post after the population crash and because of the need for security from interference with the guidance system activity of the Josephson Analogue Time travel device and the control operations of the region's relocatable and variable magnetic highways lifting and catapulting thousands of modules to points on Earth and the inner solar system.

Men and women performed a variety of tasks to operate the station and defend themselves against frequent guerrilla attacks most recently from Ninja-Spetznatz of General Sin-Woo. SFBOP at The Station made stealth recons of the Frederick Sound area between Pt. Pylbus, Cape Bendel, Sunset Island, Cape Fanshaw and Boulder Point; an area taking in thousands of hectares of often violent and turbulent ice-cold saltwater, driving rain and fogs over the rugged Alexander Archipelago shore and emerald forest in order to confirm the presence or absence of OPFOR that had camouflaged themselves from electronic surveillance.

"Captain Jones, bring Sophia back here" Wulf ordered.

"Roger that Commander" Captain Jones replied as he walked to the Josephson Analogue Time-Junction and activated virtual particle lock to induce the transfer of Sophia from her past-present time Universe at 4004 BC to this one. A black hole singularity hasn't dimensions in this universe except as a zero dimensional membrane allowing the absurd hegemony of extra dimensional litorals modeled as time access wormholes.

The Station's panoramic holographic wall projection and station personnel eye shields were dimmed with field proximate sympathy to a uniform blue to alert Station

personnel of the impending Josephson Analogue transfer. In the process of inducing time-Universe transfer of virtual particles increased risk of anomalous particle dissynchronicity occurred that could cause warped time-spaces, fission and fusion micro-explosions, hallucinatory quality environmental alterity for indeterminate periods of time and special requirements departing from routine magway ops to renormalize incoming personnel. At the present Sophia was the only SFBOP team member virtually sent to the past. Captain Jones as Station Commander the past year had been in charge of the outgoing virtual transmit procedure for Sophia and remembered her well. Sophia's beautiful smile, raven black hair and full figure naked in the junction were sufficiently different from the regular travelers for the tall SFBOP Captain to remember with a thought-wisp of approval. Captain Jones continued the recall procedure and stood by as Commander Wulf walked over from the situation table and waited by the chamber.

Sophia had finished her conversation with Dmitri and was bathing in a tributary of the Avon River a distance from the Stonehenge with other workers when the recall procedure began. Her naked, wet body was inwardly tensed and tingling and disappeared in the late afternoon sunshine from the deep wood and cool water of the brook and her companions immediately into the chamber of the Josephson Analogue device, standing where she' left from weeks before, naked as before, to smile at Captain Jones and SFBOPCOM Wulfhere.

"Welcome home Sophia. I'm glad everything went well," Wulf said as he walked to Sophia in the Chamber to hand her a Stealthlar radgrill jumpsuit to put on. She stepped into the suit and pressed its fasteners closed and received a flagon of quark pale ale and cranberry juice that was discovered to offset negative effects of virtual particle transfer. She reflected that it was better to return in a breathing condition than through automatic recall at death.

"Thank you sir," she said as they turned to exit the chamber together." The Station's optical software returned to normal. "The Stonehenge phase is solid and should boost the architecture of the Eire enough to give you a fighting chance of having a better Black fortress when you arrive in 1504 B.C."

Sophia was understandably eager to run up to Juneau and regional SFBOP for debriefing and demobilization in order to vacate south to her work as a Professor of Ecosynthetic Design at the University of Bajaforntia. The Alaska region was somewhat more active in the war that formed an interregnum between the peace of the pre-sweetener, the crash, and a hypothetical renaissance of world civilization. A pacific shoreline paralleling maglevway would sling her home.

Wulf began assembling his own transition software for time transform including rebriefing on late Neolithic weapons, tactics and tribal cultural methods. Wulf too would travel naked through space-time in order to arrive at the Black Fortress before the pinnacle of conflict in order to provide leadership at a time deemed optimal through time-transfer micro-lite recon probe observation and analysis.

Wulf gave the order to bring in Dmitri from the presenting Black fortress as a wave of stealth cruise missiles made it in through the outer and mid-defense perimeter

sentries to engage an increasing thunderstorm of detonations and pressure wave shocks by electro-magnetic Vulcan air defense saboteurs on the bare, rocky isle on which Five Finger Station was cemented. The cruise missiles were annihilated just a quarter mile away and the Station was hit by survival bomblets with micro-mirv technology launched by air defense proximity sensors as Vulcan sabots had neared the incoming cruise missile warheads. Wulf, Sophia and Captain Jones strode rapidly to the Station observation deck to observe the action behind laser shield fragment resistant glass able to survive most sub-nuclear force impacts.

They watched the stream of sensor guided sabots reach out from mobile gun turrets at eleven thousand miles per hour repelled by electro-magnet in a linear sequentially activated array. The tracer sabots reached the cruise missiles producing incredibly loud and orange-white explosion clouds several hundred meters in diameter at low altitude over Frederick Sound. Wind driven waves were also crashing with huge bursts of spray onto the island's western shore.

Evidently General Sin-woo had succeeded in bringing more weaponry over the Aleutians and onto the mainland. The missiles were arriving from the Hobart Bay area, but the direction could have been a programmed ruse by General Sin-Woo.

Wulf had read the play book on General-Sin's far-flung blitzkrieg tactics and realized that the cruise missile attack and following stealth-sub approach for recoilless mag-cannon direct fire would likely be a diversionary feint to allow the close advance of dangerous Ninja-Spetznatz forces who could dig in, defilade or camouflage themselves with the slightest opportunity to present lethal fire and sabotage vectors in friendly areas.

Captain Jones would have to personally assume leadership of Station defense and seek and destroy opfor in the friendly sector for the time being Commander Wulfhere realized. The countdown for his insertion into 1504 at an equidistant interval from now and the return of Sophia was digressing. The return of Sophia determined the time reality of the altered history line and Wulf had to continue directly the altered path in order not to lose it to increasingly wild randomized alterity.

Captain Jones called for air support to vector in anticipating a second wave from Sin and to seek the launch platforms at Hobart Bay. The ghost town of a logging camp at Hobart Bay would be a good advanced staging area for General Sin's Ninja-Spetznatz hunter-killers and their support invisible light mobile stealth artillery on hoverjet platforms. Commander Wulfhere continued to program SFBOP time directives for use in his absence and in the event of a success in changing history he had prepared an experimental time capsule to be placed into the station safe wrapped in a virtual particle shield hoping to find some means to preserve a record of the venture in an element immune to any of the fundamental time tensor pattern alterity of space-time.

Captain Jones ordered a squad of SFBOP gentski troopers to recon Hobart Bay and seven soldiers launched into the Bay chute and flew northwest at high speed silently, their speed as lethal as their weapons to an enemy not expecting the swiftness. From Sunrise Harbor around Pt. Gardener at Chatham Strait and

Cornwallis Point's sector four miles north of Kuiu Island Royal Vietnamese Pirate Alliance Stealth Subs employed by General Woo surfaced and fired one-hundred millimeter recoilless mag-accelerated energized particle composite bullets at the lighthouse as expected. Angled Teflon-titanium deflectors were deployed and provided adequate resistance for now. Wulfhere stepped into the transcendence chamber and the courtyard of the Black Fortress, 1504 B.C.

Dmitri received the recall signal in his left ear and began directly to leave the Black Fortress, that was in an advanced state of defense readiness. With final instructions and farewells to Colleen and the tribespeople of Innis Moore he walked to the edge of the cliff and Australian repelled with blood rushing to his head, down a nylon rope three-hundred feet to a gent ski parked at the base on a narrow ledge just feet above rhythmic swells of the Atlantic Ocean rising up against the cliff to erode more of the Island along with the millennial weathering. Dmitri gained the gentski amidst plumes, pulses and cascading ocean spray on his left and right to set out at high speed astride the craft for the ruins of Belfast in Free Ireland and the still serviceable magway launch tube of Ulster.

This new found land was like the Free Ireland of Ulster that Dmitri would cross. Patchworks of heavy forest interspersed with perennial snowfields yet to become glaciers and green clearings surrounding rolling hills, rocky outcroppings and muskeg and bog turf sometimes reddish and varying through a dozen shades of green as cold rains, sleet and snow blizzards pelted the variegated climate and ecosystem adapting to evolution through atmospheric changes caused by eccentricities in the nuclear furnace of the interior of the sun and Earth-sourced particulates from a number of causes that occluded the rays of light from reaching the planet surface for warming. The Ei people under the mobile wrath of Trois spent the first winter in America in 1504 B.C. near the fifty-fifth parallel north latitude which they found by counting the days with a notched belt worn by Trois and searching along the coast for the latitude of Newgrange by the simple expedient of measuring with a backstaff the degrees above the horizon of the sun.

The new land was much like the old with an abundance of fish and wildlife, populated sparsely so far. To the Ei sojourners who spent the usual brief, rugged outdoor and primitive lives, fate had provisioned them in subsistence lifestyles of hunting and gathering, fishing and foraging an unbroken continuity of food supply from Eireland to America and onward which sustained their lives. The extreme rigors of the end of the late Neolithic era in Yourup and Eireland was renewed in North America. For people who lived in annual athletic struggle with the elements and battle with other primitive tribes and wild animals, the venture into the unknown to save a remnant of the people wasn't a remarkable adventure. It was simply one that would not have commenced without the challenge of circumstance of expanding Yourupian peoples invading west into the land of Eire. Options of surrender into groveling slavery and possible execution, extermination while fighting to the last, or accepting

the challenge of going by sea where no one was known to have ever gone before made the response inevitable.

Winter's heavy snows in Adaland gave the Ei party a chance to repair their clothing kit with new mink and otter fur coats, deerskin outerpants and bearskin parkas. They cut new saplings and stretched and sewed with bone needles seal skin over smaller, narrower curraughs weighing under thirty pounds each for the spring's portages on the trek west over Canada missioning as nomads on the fifty-fifth parallel until the time arrived when they set foot upon a new land of Eire.

Spring brought warming rays of the sun and increasing hours of daylight from the six hours of possible light at winter solstice in December. The equinox in March saw the band already five hundred kilometers farther west along the fifty-fifth. Moving silently with the stealth of planetary wandering aboriginals and usually avoiding signs of larger groups of aboriginal Americans along their course the Eirish enjoyed good health, good hunting and forage day after month of good overland travel. Their numbers increased by three new born.

Central Canada had thousands of miles of waterways to choose from by which they might paddle to hasten their journey and lighten the weariness of cross-country hiking. Yet they were young and strong, elders by the accounting of their time, and found pleasure with continuing strengthening in long distance travel and survival that was their natural life's work.

Trois led his party with confidence gained by serving as wrath of twenty warriors for the three years at Innis Moore before departure. Raids on Celtic camps along Galway Bay shores sharpened his skills.

The twenty band members were a family and pack like most smaller nomadic tribespeople groupings in the wanderings. Trios and his mate were one of ten pairings that had yielded pregnancies thus far in the search that was a temporal project. The spirit of freedom led them.

Trois, Uhra and the party cleared James Bay and made fast and good time through the midlands of Canada. They journeyed until winter approached and made camp for the second winter in the Americas almost halfway across the continent. The winter passed with hunting and scouting activities along with child rearing. The band's twenty-three would increase in number.

Long, dark, months of continental winter quickly passed with plentiful game and the novelty of the new land added more and more to the lore, history and wisdom of the travelers. They waited with joy the rising of the sun above the horizon for hours sufficient to allow the shedding of winter clothing. When spring of the second year approached they returned to the trek into unknown beyond the hills.

The Eirish paddled their curraughs and portaged between rivers and lakes with an accuracy varying between fifty-three to fifty-six north latitude calculated by backstaff and dead reckoning. Forests yielded to the high plains that yielded to a ranging cluster of large rocks they mounted returning to woods in the west and eventually the headwaters of the Stikine River in what presently is the province of British Columbia. The Stikine runs more than a hundred miles west and rives through the Pacific Coast

Range Rock Wall. It debauches at a delta at the edge of the North American mainland into the thousand Islands of the Alexander Archipelago. At the approach of the third winter they cautiously made winter camp just two hundred miles east of the Stikine Delta.

One day in March the scouts encountered a small Tlingit reconnaissance element that were part of an upstream operation from the present day isle of Wrangell, Alaska near 55 degrees north latitude. The Tlingits with curiosity and confidence of warriors on familiar ground explained in sign language to the different looking strangers from the East that a dangerous and large war party of rival Athapascans was building up for war upon the Tlingits downstream. Battles amongst predominant Athapaskan groups for control of territory was perennial and bloody. Control of the islands of the Archipelago was hotly contested, though the population was exceedingly sparse by modern standards. The Tlingits were happy to enlist the strangers as allies.

The Tlingits and Eirish together numbered forty and with the combined interests of the Party in traveling west to the archipelago the Eirish broke camp and followed the safer alternative route away from the narrow canyons through which the Stikine River passes downstream that were a traditional place for Athapaskan ambushes. They walked the hills of more than three thousand feet and followed their line toward the west. Far below heavily armed Athapaskan war parties could suddenly appear in very large canoes on swift currents even unto the present day hamlet of Telegraph Creek.

The Party built small beehive shaped huts from flat stones to commemorate their journey and for their Tlingit friends to use as storage units on future missions. Future ops by the Ei and the Tlingits could be lighter faster, cheaper and better with advanced, secure, easy to locate, pre-cached supply dumps. The Ei Party reached the safety of the Tlingit village at the north end of Wrangell Isle a few weeks after departure from winter camp three.

The Stikine Delta and its islands and estuaries was a densely populated with wildlife bird and game paradise richer than usual for southeast Alaska. Stellar sea cows, a northern manatee, lived and would until the arrival in of Russian explorers and freebooters thirteen hundred years later. Geese, puffins, muirs, minks, sea lion, seals, bear, moose, deer, killer whales, sperm whales, salmon, crab, abalone, clams, eagles, ravens and of other northern wildlife was a sample of the bountiful natural larder for food, dress and tools that included land plants too such as blackberry, crowberry-an excellent tea substitute, plants for dying cloths and curing colds, plants for baskets, bedding and housing, five primary varieties of conifer trees for firewood, canoes and construction of the Tlingit long house-a sort of early American suburban ranch style home with a central fireplace, animals that visited each summer like a mobile flying and swimming supermarket.

Tlingits themselves arrived down the Stikine River from the Canadian interior somewhere in the third millennium B.C. and hadn't before encountered European aboriginal people. The thirty Eirish settled in to live at the village at Wrangell in a new long house built for guests; they remained a year. Trois and the warriors

reconnoitered the islands of the archipelago with Tlingit War parties making canoe patrols while also doing trade and recreation.

The year of 1501 B.C. passed quickly for the Ei at Wrangell. The women carved spiral petroglyphs on beach rocks like the ones carved into the stone floor of the mound at Newgrange Ireland. For many years Tlingit craftsmen retained the pattern of the spiral and added more of their own. Happy though the Eirish were living at Wrangell Isle they had a promise to keep and a mission to fulfill. Wrath Trois and the band learned that the new world ended beyond some islands just a hundred miles west on the shore of a great sea. The Wrath hadn't yet discovered the perfect emerald Isle, and was draw by the spirit onward. They set out again in the spring of the new year.

The winter was spent in preparing for renewed journey. With Tlingit help the Ei made war canoes of their own. Troi's plan was to follow the coastline northwest as Tlingit reconnaissance and encounters with other people reported the land extending far to the cold climate and across a small body of water to a sleeping land beyond. In March the party would voyage in four war canoes painted for peace northwest in search of the New Land and eventually return south until reaching 54 degrees north latitude once again. A new Eire could not be a will-o-the-wisp.

Dmitri raced through the afternoon and into the sunset past Donegal Bay and the north channel beyond Giant's Bridge into the vicinity of crumbling and overgrown ruins of steel and glass towers and row homes of the old free Irish city of Belfast. He was sorry to leave the peace and placidity of the gentle swells on the open sea and environment reflecting the sky like a mirror away from the concerns of inter-tribal war and heightened alertness of living in an area of potential, precipitant battle. Dmitri slowed down his gentski at the site of the old cross-channel ferry and customs center and hovered on reserve power to the magway entrance next to the American Bar--one of the few surviving buildings of old Belfast.

The SFBOP field reserve officer on temporary and indefinite active duty brought the gentski to a halt parking it in the warfrack to which, like as not, he would never return. No Eirish were in sight and the Celts tended to void the area because of the magway and its danger as a source of hostile elements transitioning from without warning at any time. The magway was a keyed, sequential and design identity activated tool that would carry his module to the S.E. Alaska region to either Juneau via linkage or Five Finger Station directly and let him carry out his order to recall. With a last look at Scotland and what was Belfast, Dmitri walked into the translucent and rectangular illusion field entryway of the magnetic shuttle launcher. His identity was noted by sensors as he passed within the wall of illusion and SFBOP's mag-way computer activated a shuttle deployment from the secure shuttle bay.

It moved along a repelling, pushing and pulling guide path to his station at launch guide one. In the interior of the Belfast Mag Station, high temperature kilned ceramic tiles replicating an ancient Shang motif that was an amusing design selection of a certain Lt. Lockehai pervaded eerie orange-light from a fiber optic photon conversant

paint glaze. Dmitri began to reflect upon his work the past month and a half at the Black Fortress as the shuttle's clear, heat resistant canopy slid back to allow him to get into an angulated and reclining seat and shoulder restraints of the sleek, swept back and tapered hyper speed stealthlar shrouded magnetic, interactive glide-reentry shuttle with reserve rocket power; as common as thousands of others mass produced like it throughout the sparsely populated solar system in various sizes and shapes. Most often they were red or black.

The Belfast Magway ran under the city and several miles beyond it for the redundancy of being of enough size for maintaining an acceleration rate of a low enough rate to keep g-forces to a humanly survivable level at minus 7G and yet make a muzzle exit velocity sufficient to allow a trans-hemispheric or off-world trajectory. The procedure was redundant after SFBOP focused magnetic fields along travel-lines and could entirely control, air or space speed and direction of any traveler at any grid coordinate within range. The SFBOP focused on-board comm.-channel asked how his trip had been so far, said to enjoy the acceleration to Five Finger Station which would be completed in twenty-three minutes and fifty-seven seconds...

Dmitri asked SFBOP on-board for some music, perhaps Vivaldi's Spring or King Crimson's 'Court of the Crimson King'. They played Johnny Paycheck's western song 'Take This Job and Shove It'. He sat back and relaxed as the shuttle canopy snapped shut and the module began accelerating in a blur down the miles of the tunnel-runway and into the evening stratosphere and starry, starry night of the new moon in an increasing vector over Iceland, Greenland and high northern latitudes traveling several thousand kilometers in less than an half an hour.

'Is this all that I want to do while I am alive?' Dmitri thought.' All of these people in Ireland and England are fighting over the ruins of the dead and not living any better than their ancestors six thousand years ago. Pagan filth with a morality of crunching skulls. I'm alive and will perish like all those Eire and Celts, like all the people who used artificial sweetener and perished, and like the billions and billions of people that ever lived and died. Everyone has the talent to die, even the most silly individuals.'

'Yek, there were some translated directly into heaven; it is written in the Bible. Faith and God's liking for them let them go to eternity without physical death. Being willed into the spirit is like translating a color of writing into another color for the benefit of the color blind in one range, so that they too might be able to perceive and to read the word.'

'What can I do?' Dmitri continued to reflect as the shuttle seemingly flew silently through the outer edge of the Earth's envelope of air and nearer to the stars seemingly; 'to change anything while I am alive? From unbornness to death I go. From meaninglessness to meaninglessness in an experience that can ultimately only be meaningless. This trackless desert of existence leads to nothing and destroys everything within. The people murder and maim each other, the cities and civilizations are brought to ruin and the people spend their lives frigging each other and trying to produce offspring to continue the population for a succession of meaningless existents in a meaningless experience returning to nowhere. Some few

care to examine the phenomenon of being for-itself, others are so intellectually introverted to such an extreme as to be indifferent to brainwashing or political thought-control. They are too accustomed already to absolute trust in corrupt power.'

'Do some believe that trillions of year old life-lines of human family will meet the great reality of some pagan computer physicist's dreams in the mega-future and make all of the past and present meaningful and blessed with eternal wisdom, contentment, resurrection and merriment for everyone retroactively? Humanity could desire to be conserved in a computer logic circuit as virtual reality with their quantum data configured within. Then an appropriately beneficial artificial intellect could let them frolic forever without problems of sickness, disease, or deleterious effects of debauchery. No bills, no responsibilities, no problems under the eventual absolute power of a computer program that creates and sustains them as an antinomy of God. The people should need to have a blind trust in that to entrust it with a power that E. wrote about in 'I Have No Mouth and Must Scream'.'

'What would most likely result', Dmitri thought, 'would be a trap for human beings in this Universe inescapable for eternity in what would be absolute meaninglessness. But all of this is too much borrowed from Christianity he reasoned. God has the only purpose or reason for being in the Universe. Jesus is the only way to salvation and eternal life with God anyway. God is the Father, Jesus is the Son of God that became a man and accomplished a way for people to have a relationship with God, the Holy Spirit is the third person of the one God that gives mankind the grace to recognize the Son, Jesus Christ, and to pray in His name unto the Father.'

'So what can I do while I'm here?' he considered again as the Earthscape below continued to pass and the shadow of darkness of the terminator remained in the Atlantic while the shuttle began its descent to Alaska's Frederick Sound.

"Of all the activities in life I could possibly do, none would change the reality of the human condition" Dmitri thought. They would all still eventually pass into death. He could try to food, clothe and shelter those whom he could if he ever should and could do so. Or perhaps educate or maybe bring peace to a few people somewhere yet what good would it do when the end of life was nothingness and the events of life itself were utterly meaningless without a relationship to a transcendent and personal God. That, Dmitri thought at last, must be the only answer there can be in this Universe too absurd to exist for any other known reason than that God willed it to be created.

Jesus saves and Dmitri knew he was saved through the grace of God and Jesus Christ with the Holy Spirit providing the power to have faith. Dmitri's own works and acts in this world other than his acceptance of Jesus Christ as his personal savior had no potential to significantly alter his own life in the context of the absurdity of the Universe and the phenomenality of existence.

Dmitri concluded his reflections about the world and existence in the final approach to SFBOP Magway Alaska Regionops at Five Finger Station. The chaos of ethics, action, artificial sweeteners, mega-death, war and unphilosophical lives of millions of people oriented toward conflict and temporization as an intentional modus

vivendi were part of distant Europe but also a part of the Remnant States of Amerigo. Dmitri looked forward to seeing Sophia and a return to a less direct role in the resolution of the constellation of problems facing Western Civilization. The long days of fieldwork at the Black Fortress had compelled his absence from the dive shop of which he was proprietor in Bay City. It would be good to return to the sea.

The SFBOP comm. Music on-board played Arlo Guthrie's ditty, nearly seventy years old now that ran 'Flying into L.A...' immediately after the conclusion of J.Mitchell's 'They Paved Paradise' lyrics faded into the aetherium. The shuttle was three miles out from Frederick Sound in the late afternoon sunlight above the cloud layer into which the shuttle passed. 'Flying into L.A.' yielded to a digitalized fusion remix of 'Beneath the Stars'. SFBOP mag-command was under intense attack from General Sin-Woo's recrystallized forces pouring into the Frederick Sound's numerous clefts from all points of the compass and blitzing across the ocean space kill zone to bonsai charge the Five Finger Station with human wave assaults. Some assault weapons hurled clusters of kelp compacted and saturated in hyper-glue.

General Sin must have believed he had a chance to kill or capture SFBOP Region Commander Wulfhere and bump off SFBOP Alaska command to risk something approaching a decisive engagement and implicit risk of substantial quantities of military assets. If SFBOP Alaska was taken out for a time Sin could implant his own guerrilla force securely amidst the hills, glaciers/glacier caverns, mountains, high valleys, forests and marine areas of S.E. Alaska after the chaos of the battle. Once enough independently based opposition forces saturated a geographic region with electronic warfare equipment and stealth-enshrouded guerrillas conventional economic operations in the region would be impossible for the Remnant States. SFBOP would need to commit vast numbers of forces to retake and secure the area, permitting General Sin more freedom to attack elsewhere.

Sin could try to engulf S.E. Alaska in radio and Internet terror, propagandizing, thought controll, psychologically conditioning compliance with proto-territorial requisites. Terror and ordinary military subversion covert operations would consolidate territory from Vancouver to Nome adding the Bering Strait and the opportunity to assault Siberia and Europe from above to the secure lands below the Amur River to Sin City in the former Vietnam. A piratical web of very high-speed electro-mag water-jet ships dominating the western Pacific were continually probing for new areas to attack.

Commander Wulfhere had of course already left the Station for the Battle of the Black Fortress against the Celts led by Jimmy of Galway. General Woo would content himself with Captain Jones as his adversary for now.

Direct hits of the magway control center of the Lighthouse Station from a fleet of approaching micro-subs and their recoilless cannon took out the control system for the landing guidance beacon for the shuttle as Dmitri was arriving at 15,000 feet from a distance of two miles. The dozen cold-fusion powered micro-subs circled to rise and fire at the station leaping in and out of the water to avoid incoming direct return fire from the station's anti leaping submarine invisible lasers. Some of the subs were

hit and vaporized detonating their explosive fuel stores and sending whirling fragments of metal and crew outward at high speed. Flying through the sky or delayed, belched up blasts from beneath ten-foot waves evidenced the attrition of the attackers. Dmitri's shuttle careened wildly out of control for a few thousand feet until the reserve on-board system disengaged from the malfunctioning SFBOP Magway Control and activated in time to slow the ship's crash into Frederick Sound at the end of the Glass Peninsula down to a survivable impact speed of one-hundred miles per-hour. The reserve rockets continued firing in the icy water and brought the shuttle to a halt at a depth of five hundred feet.

Captain Jones in full Stealthlar battle dress uniform with reactive chemical propulsion system said "Send Jonah out to collect Lt. Dmitri Ecoskoy" to Specialist Tyler whom had just returned from a recon of the immense clear-cut with detonation cord wrapped around several square miles of sloped Admiralty Island forest facing the Station that made a landing field for an armada of flying mobile stealth recoilless saboteurs to land and dig in around the station.

Jonah was at the entrance of Port Houghton lying on a side and flapping a big seven foot flipper about twenty or thirty times almost to the water from a vertical position straight up and then slamming it down with a mighty whump onto Frederick Sound and then diving to gain speed and jump its immense body weighing tons and more than fifty feet in length almost all of the way out of the water to the edge of the fluke that was over ten feet wide from one end to the other along the base of the tale. Jonah was a bio-mechanic replicant sperm whale cavorting with several real whales in the Sound and with acknowledgement of Specialist Taylor's transmission made several forward half plunges out of the water up to it's belly and raced forward across the middle of Frederick Sound unnoticed by the forces of General Sin, to swallow Dmitri's shuttle whole at five hundred feet deep where it was drifting slowly with an outgoing tide neutrally buoyant for return to SFBOP Juneau.

Sophia stayed with Captain Jones during the beginning phase of the battle as the intense interchange of fire between forces brought heavy casualties to the forces of Sin-Woo and damage to the Station. The forces of Sin in tactically needing to completely subdue the station with rapidly deployed forces on the exterior lines were bound to take more casualties from the special forces defenders whom had adequate tech quantities/qualities and personnel, then they could inflict. The Special Forces could actually inflict heavy losses on the forces of Sin and abandon the Station without tactically losing control of the region if they choose to fight and maneuver while maintaining battle contact with the enemy.

For the present the joint command under General Marshall would obliterate Five Finger Station as a point target should it be taken by OPFOR. It was in itself a useful and easy to defend base but of little use to opfor operations in the region for-itself because of its exposed isolation. Captain Jones' plan of battle with the increasingly heavy opposition was to continue automatic sabots fire from the Station and to deploy the bulk of the highly mobile base personnel outward in fast hunter squads to sweep and clear as many of the enemy as possible coordinating with prepositioned

anti-opfor kill zones automatic mobile mines and leave the Station and primary concentration of forces of Sin-Woo on Admiralty Island, Hobart Bay and surrounding areas as clear targets for air assault and SFBOP Stopenforcers.

Captain Jones sent Sophia via sub-ski to catch up with Jonah and ride in the belly of the whale with Dmitri through Steven's Passage and around the west side of Douglas Island into Fritz Cove and an awaiting sub-surface tunnel underground far beneath the Mendenhall Glacier and three miles into the Juneau Ice field tunnel labyrinth. The tunnels connected with those of hundreds of miles of mining tunnels in the coast range and also to SFBOP Juneau.

Commander Wulfhere appeared virtually out of thin air in the midst of the circle of Eirish tribespeople gathered around the stone hut of the Wrath of the Black fortress in the green expanse inside the walls of the keep. Wulf appeared naked and standing six foot seven with a large muscular frame, medium length brown hair and blue eyes atop the summit of the stone hut of the Wrath. The five hundred people fell immediately from a sitting position along a line of fires with spits of roasting game and flagons of honeycomb molasses beer clad in period-stylized furs and skins in a face-to-the-dirt grovel with arms forward chanting loudly Woodan, Woodan. Wulfhere-Wotan was surprised not too much and amused by the identity of the Eirish since his appearance here was anomalous after all. His translator and personal voice amplifier was biosynthetic and made the journey sewn into his throat. Its effect was profound upon the people as he commanded "all rise" and the people reacted as purposed. The phrase also reverberated in a half a dozen linguistic permutations of the structure of what could be inferred of the evolutionary structure of the ancient language's syntagmatic and paradigmatic axis'. Wulf's voice was deeper than usual with synthesized reverberation fitting for more-than-a-usual guy.

Wulf's language logic unit amplified and analyzed the many murmurs and chatterings of the Eirish within the keep and processed it through parallel micro-optic data bio-circuitry increasing translation accuracy. The probability of Wulf's talk being understood and meaningful to the Eirish and vice versa rapidly increased as the database expanded.

The warriors were tough and reacted to superstition with awe only so long as there wasn't another meaningful way to act. When Wulfhere climbed down off the Wrath's hut and into their midst and ordered the warrior's attire an excellent club and spear were swiftly produced along with a gallon skin of beer and roasted beef on a stick.

Wulf put on the furs and put the sword scabbard and belt over his head and onto his left side slung from a leather cord onto his right shoulder. He took the stick and downed a few cool swigs of sweet beer, then walked to one of the fires for what would be a military tactics and operations briefing lasting several hours.

When Wulf was finished late that night the Eirish had a better understanding of the theory of projectile weapons and force concentration, field psychology and hasty obstruction construction. The Eirish military hierarchy was streamlined and

restructured with squad and redundant leadership organization allowing rapid application of reactive and preemptory troop movements to likely opfor assault deployment vectors.

The final battle of The Black Fortress of 1504 B.C. that had resulted in a decisive defeat for the Eirish would occur on the morning at first light. The Celts had prepared a siege engine of early design that was no more than preselected logs and planking that allowed rapid transit and concentration of Celtic forces over the concentric rings of stone obstacles and onto a fifteen foot wide, sixty foot long hasty ramp built with driftwood and hides up which rushed the mass of attackers by the thousands to slaughter in blood and fury a last group of Free Irish with no where to retreat against a three-hundred foot drop to the Atlantic.

The walls of the Black Fortress were quite thick enough to defeat conventional ground rams and high enough and well defended enough to defend successfully against ladder attempts to get Celts over the wall. Wulf hoped to defeat the historical ramp attack with the simple expedient of concentrating slingers and spearmen, archers and flaming fat cauldrons with putrid additives along the wall in an optimal deployment for rapid reloading and opfor attrition. The plan would probably work, Wulf believed, and the opportunity of the Free Eirish in the battle to decimate the ranks of the Celts because of their single-minded dedication to progress up the ramp in what they believed was a new tactic determined to succeed would give the Eirish a breathing space of several months or years to exist without more Celt battle groups numbering in the thousands to attack.

The Eirish would have a chance to integrate into the Celtic dominated society on much of the rest of Ireland and insinuate themselves into desperate Eirish bands living in the Irish hills trying to escape the wrath and conquest of the Celts. The survival of a remnant of the Eirish instead of extirpation might be enough to change history thousands of years later in the United States of America of Wulf's youth. A stronger Ireland over time might have preserved a Celtic Christian Church and defended adequately against later Roman, Vikin and Norman hegemony. Oliver Cromwell's invasion might have been defeated. The Irish potato famine would not produce such casualties and emigration to America with a more sympathetic Irish Aristocracy. Rum running of an early Irish forbear of a future American President wouldn't have accumulated wealth for political influence. Neither President Kennedy nor the Vietnam war strategies of that administration would have phenomenalized. Barry Goldwater would become the U.S. President in 1964 to terminate the issue of the Vietnam conflict while restive, reactive southern political forces in opposition to domestic politics that eventually produced the artificial sweetener weapon would be pre-emptorally negated. A black-haired Eirish woman approached Wulf as the fires died in the arkness to coals and his talk and organizing concluded, to take him to the hut of the Wrath. For now, Wulf was the Wrath of Eire.

The warriors kept an intense watch through the night and Wulf and the woman slept through midnight until arising at three-thirty. Wulf set the women to cutting and layering heavy cowhide body armor breastplates for the warriors from the pile of

hides used in housing and clothes. By four-thirty the warriors all had sufficiently thick leather breastplates to stop non-metallic arrows of the era.

The Celtic forces were assembling beyond the far perimeter having arrived through a fog in the night's darkness unimpaired and were continuing to bring personnel and equipment to the defense perimeter of the Black Fortress. It was an age before total sophistication of defense turtles for infantrymen to walk under to avoid arrows and spears such as the Romans developed later, or siege engines such as were used by Alexander in Phoenicia of sufficient height to look down upon fortress walls. The tribesmen of the Celts, who preferred to fight naked if possible to impress the enemy with a bloody lunatic appearance of indifference to wounds as bizerkers might have been, with many female warriors too could be heard through the ebb of night yelling war whoops and curses, catcalls and egregious insults hurled at the Eirish. The Celts drank heavily through the night in confidence they'd acquired from easy victories over other Eirish they expected to have on new morn too with newly improved battle plans and superior physical stature.

Wulf looked out over the field of stone obstacles from the wall imagining the difficulty the Celts would have in retreat escaping through them without a high number of broken legs and being easy targets for Eirish slingers and archers at such a close range. He ordered all the warriors and reinforcements and reloaders to advance to the places they'd been assigned along the wall and below it.

The first rays of dawn saw the Celts clustered about three-thousand in number-a large and formidable army for the time, drawn together from the hundreds of smaller units of Celtic tribespeople in rival bands vying for domain sections of Eireland, along two-thirds of the first line of stone obstacle rings just beyond range of spear and stone slingers. The archers would have the Celts within range at the second of the three rings of obstacles spaced sharp and close in the hazy, foggy slopping landscape which the sunlight began to pierce and dissolve.

Wulf sent a picked man out over the wall and down alone to advance boldly to the second ring with single-minded purpose swiftly executed. In a coordinated military maneuver the Eirish warriors on the wall raised a loud tempest of insults, invectives and oaths hurled upon the ears of the inebriated Celtic force while the picked man did an about face at the second ring, bending over to expose his buttocks to the enemy in a classic mooning posture. The picked man recovered his attire in time to slay one of the four Celts racing over to attack him spontaneously and without military discipline while other Celts trickling and flooding in to attack across the obstacles broke femurs and ankles, cracking skulls and tibias in their headlong sprints to battle. The picked Eirishman named Big A easily dashed through the familiar obstacle course as he had hundreds of times before safely to the wall and up a rope to the top.

The Celtic rage at dawn was such as to fully commence the battle of the Black fortress without the direction of the Celtic Chieftain. In the drunken, bizerker rage of ethnic hatred the warriors practically ran over their fallen fellows. In a meandering column ten men wide and a thousand deep reinforced by drunken Celts in wont of

the spoils of war the tide of death flowed to its end. Their haste and imprudence in disrespecting the Eire brought them hundreds of self-inflicted casualties through the obstacles as they advanced under a withering precipitation of arrows and miscellaneous missiles hailed from the walls of the Black Fortress.

The siege section carriers made it through the obstacles and to the wall finally after the body of Celts had poured its life blood into the effort and were able to put it up while as many as one-thousand remained alive and clustered beneath an avalanche of flaming fat with putrescence, boulders, spears, arrows, stones offal and dung. The Celts advanced up the ramp while being slaughtered by the bowmen on the flanks and spearmen in the front of their advance. They dropped like flies from the ramp to splatter with muted crunches onto the field rocks and their fallen comrades and yet never lost courage as they futilely assaulted up the ramp set aflame by hundreds of gallons of special flaming fat putrescence poured onto it.

The retreat of the Celts through the obstacles would expose them to a hail of missiles slung and flung from the top of the wall that would leave only fifty of the original Celtic war party of over three-thousand reinforced by another seven thousand alive to tell the tale to the Galway Celts. Wulf could see that the mission was a success, and did not despair when the last giant Celt warrior moving forward up the flaming ramp, before falling as a flaming hunk to the cold earth below, hurled a long shafted Celtic spear through his midsection. Wulf dropped through a virtual oblivion.

Seal kissed his wife on a berm along Agate beach and saw his kids off on a bus stopping along the coast road. For a moment a whisp oif eco-consciouness crossed his thought that coast roads did the most damage to the ecosystem breaking up the shore-land water continuity, then faded away. The sunshine filled morning, Cascade mountain range, clear cuts and roads leading to subdivisions along its slopes was another bonus in Puget Sound for the oil company executive. He walked down a quay to a 30-foot hyper-glass Royale power-skiff to board and ignite twin four-hundred horsepower inboard engines to life. A rumbling, bubbling resonance echoed from aft vapors on his side of the pond.

Moving the go lever forward counter rotating props lifted the boat immediately over it's bow wave to plain and high speed. Seal ghosted over the glistening mirror-flat surface sheened with a rainbow of chemical additives and barely noticed the bump when the props tore through the back of a whale unlucky enough to be lost in the Sound. The boat went out of the water for sixty feet as if it had hit a ski jump. Seal enjoyed the unexpected thrills of the water journey. In a few minutes he slowed to approach Shillshole Marina, where a driver would take him to the Oil Tower in central Seattle.

The Juneau MacSpace Restaurant was located at the corner of Main and Willoughby Streets one block from Gastineau Channel and the half dozen gargantuan cruise ships moored from the fisherman's wharf south down Thane Road and out in mid channel below the watchful gazes of hordes of tourists ascending the

Mt. Roberts tramway to enjoy the view from the summit of this recalcitrant giant that had for centuries before been the reserve of eagles, bears, explorers, and odd hikers until the tourist innovation in the late 1990's. Mt. Juneau, Mt. Roberts, and Mt. Jumbo were just three of the three thousand foot plus mountains surrounding the occasional Alaska State capitol and hectic tourist and mining city huddled along the narrow strip of land at the base of the local massifs. Thousands of bureaucrats comprising the government workforce labored along from year to year with increasing armies of tourists arriving to enjoy scenic 'wonders' and 'wilderness experiences' unavailable to eight-hundred million people living in the more densely populated United States of America, Western European nations and elsewhere.

First Sergeant Wolf of the Alaska Army National Guard enjoyed living in Juneau as S-2 or non-comm intelligence officer of the Wally Wickel Guard Brigade. Wolf was a full time guard NCO in the increasingly important reserve component of the armed forces of the U.S.A. Though the United States was presently at peace the national debt had continued to rise and active duty regular Army components had correspondingly been cut down to one-half million soldiers to reduce government expenses. The Federal government was still giving away the trees of the Tongass National Forest and remaining oil fields on Federal lands in Alaska to a few mega-sized multi-national oil and logging corporations and cheating the American taxpayers and thousands of small local business entrepreneurs out of any chance to develop the resources themselves at a more conservative pace through small, individually offered land use auctions that would keep the top price for each section within the range of individuals. Wolf wanted to defend the people from carpet bagging Senators and Congresspeople enriching the few and dumping debt, taxes and lost opportunity upon the many. The inability of the Congressional millionaires club to maintain a balanced national budget meant that the work of the armed forces too, Wolf speculated, would return increasingly to reservists and a well-armed militia to take up the slack.

As S-2 NCO in charge Wolf had a humvee assigned for his personal use. The forty year old vehicle had proven itself in a dozen minor conflicts and Wolf, like most soldiers, wanted only increased speed and over the water pursuit capability built into more modern vehicles. The commanding officer of the Alaska Wally Wickel brigade had ordered Sergeant Wolf to pick up and escort a couple of visiting investigators for some eastern congressperson around Juneau for the day. Government 'ticians seldom spent their own money if costs could be downloaded to taxpayers Wolf thought.

Sergeant Wolf drove the twelve miles down Egan Expressway to the airport, parked in a no-loading zone and walked inside Juneau International Air Terminal for the waiting VIPs to get off an Alaska Airlines flight from Seattle connecting to the western capital of the United States at Fort Grant in California. They would probably ask him why were the salmon not returning to polluted but purified streams and rivers, or why the forests were clear-cut without being replanted with Turbo-grow trees, or why didn't the Wally Wickel Brigade have excellent accounting records, and

why weren't there more eastern owned oil and gas, forest and logging businesses, much less sophisticated furniture factories and a million unpleasant questions more appropriate for tourist guides. Large Corporations took the resources and exported the profits and he didn't know why. He was a Sergeant with a modest paycheck, not a journaladore. Sergeant Wolf hoped to become a Command Sergeant Major before fading away into that oblivion that awaits soldiers. Making crass but true political statements to the wrong ears wouldn't help that at all.

Sergeant Wolf waited by the exit gate with Seattle's Accelerated Coffee in three temperature-regulated cups with color thermometer coatings and packets of artificial sweetener for the important wastelines of the pros. They would be found in the throng of passengers now beginning to process through metal, explosive and health status scanners and walk into the lobby. Soon a light-brown haired man of average height with a three-day growth of beard, wearing a Nehru-gorplex field suit and carrying a briefcase data center appeared strolling slowly through the crowd with a short, attractive, full-figured raven-black haired woman in a tweed leisure field suit walking close alongside with an arm through the individual looking like a terrorist unwilling to expend on a razor for a shave. Sergeant Wolf recognized them as matching the descriptions giving by Captain Wales.

As they approached, Sergeant Wolf said 'Sophia Lundgreen and Dmitri Ecosowl, correct? I am Sergeant Wolf of the Wally Wickel Brigade humbly here to be of service in Juneau.'

Dmitri said, "Glad to accept your work, Sergeant. Sophia and I have a brief amount of time and quite a lot to do to keep up with the Congressperson's itinerary for us here. Let me ask you a question; on the way in I could see clear-cuts that weren't replanted with Turbo-grow trees, why not?"

Sophia added "Your accounting methods at Brigade seem to be a might unclear Sergeant. Before you answer, lets get started with your expert guiding knowledge of the locale. Where is the limo?"

Sergeant Wolf folded back the lid on the coffee case and placed it under an arm while grabing two of their bags. He led them to the humvee in the no-parking zone in front of the main entrance to the terminal. The investigators got into the back seat of the four-door humvee and buckled up for the journey into Juneau. Sergeant Wolf at last had an opportunity to offer the coffee that had cost him a fiver each at the airport's Swiftserve.

They took the coffee Wolf produced from the tray and after adding the contents of a few artificial sweetener packets slurped modestly the engaging brew with heady robust aroma. Sergeant Wolf put the humvee into first gear. Sophia, Dmitri and Sergeant Wolf set out upon the quick route to the visitor's center at Mendenhall Glacier for a time of learning icing the schedule from the start.

From 1504 B.C. to 1495 B.C. the band of Ei journeyed at roughly latitude fifty-five north from east to west across the globe. Of course they had to make a vast

semicircular arc farther north on the way following the curve of the gulf of Alaska and North Pacific Ocean coastline from Icy Strait in S.E. Alaska beyond Yakutat, Lituya Bay, the Bering Glacier, Prince William Sound, The Alaska Peninsula and the Aleutians southwest in the currents and variable winds making camps to strengthen in winters and to hunt for abundant fish and game. In 1496 they reached the southern Kurile Islands of Asia in their larger and improved curraughs that now had elements of kayak design incorporated to increase speed and seaworthiness.

Early in 1495 the Ei people reached a large island at forty-five degrees north latitude that was sparsely populated, forested, and milder than Alaska. The Eirish decided that they could go no farther south and chose it as the best available New Ireland giving it the name Hokkaido. The Ei that had already become a blended band settled into the new land as the Ai-nu. While the Ainu met the forerunners of the Yayoi culture of Nippon in Hokkaido the slow forward evolution of history continued. Yet some of the Airrish choose to search farther yet for the now-fabled emerald island. In pursuit of the spirit, of the ultimate good for-itself, they set out for the shores of the Shang Empire across the sea, at Shang-hai.

For more reading on the subject of pre-Columbian journeys to America from Europe read Farley Mowat's 1998 book 'The Farfarers'.